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Vol. CXCVIII, No. 2589
SEPTEMBER 17, 1949

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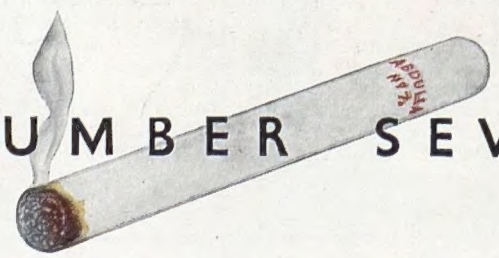

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Volume CXCVIII No. 2589

The SPHERE, London, September 17, 1949

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE KING AND QUEEN AT BRAEMAR GATHERING—THEIR MAJESTIES WITH THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF ABERDEENSHIRE, AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES IN PRINCESS ROYAL PARK: This year there was a record attendance at the Games, more than 35,000 people forgathering on Deeside

The King in Highland dress, and the Queen in a coat of mist-blue, saw dancing, wrestling and other traditional field events during their visit to the Braemar Games last week. There was no doubt that their presence contributed largely to the record gate. The fact that 1949 proved a new record was particularly remarkable because the 1948 Games, also attended by their Majesties and a large throng, were considered a special occasion in that they marked 100 years of Royal patronage. As was the case at Braemar last year, there were many overseas visitors, some of whom had come primarily for the Edinburgh Festival and some for the autumn shooting season in Scotland. This year a special reception tent was placed at the disposal of these visitors, one of whom was Signor Manuel Arocha, the Venezuelan Ambassador, who was accompanied by his three daughters, who are now engaged on a tour of Britain. (Further pictures from the Braemar gathering are reproduced on pages 400-01.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Bricks Without Straw.—Pity—if you have pity to spare—the poor journalist who is both on holiday and at his desk. Pity him when he is returned from a long, long walk over the hills and peat-hags after grouse which are now disinclined to wait for a shot, to find only the headlines of the day's news in a very "local" daily. Of news of moment there is certainly a little, the Stalin-Tito scrap and the Cripps-Bevin embassy, but our local disdains such fare and chiefly feeds its avid readers on Bathing Belles and prize smiles by Bathing Belles, on the catch of herrings at Stornoway and the results of the local football matches, Old Deer, Hibernian and Third Lanark; and always, of course, on the strange events which take place at this season year after year at Buckie and Cambus-o'-May. Buckie is always in the news; it teems with incidents of distinct news value. Extraordinary adventures befall the Bucks of Buckie. As for Cambus-o'-May, its lovely name is all my knowledge of it. Signposts point to it but no one has ever found it. It is the Highland's *Shangri-la*. I might set down the record of yesterday's events at Buckie and Cambus-o'-May. But on the whole I have decided for a gin and a hot bath. And I shall be a gainer, and I doubt if you will be a loser.

Ashridge.—A great country house adapted to institutional requirements is perhaps not an economical proposition. It needs more repairs and probably more staff than an uglier, utilitarian building erected *ad hoc*. Ashridge was presented by Mr. Urban Broughton, in memory of Bonar Law, to be a college for education in citizenship open to both sexes and all classes, and it has done good work under the most admirable direction for many years, chiefly by means of week-end courses providing lectures by the highest authorities on such subjects as the British Constitution and Empire. Many industrial firms have sent hopeful employees and subscribed to Ashridge's upkeep. But costs have outrun receipts and the Governing Body have been seeking means to keep the engine working and the receipts coming in all the week through. And the plan proposed is to superimpose a secretarial and citizenship training college for young women. The week-end appeal to young men will thereby be enhanced (it is thought), and the fees will help to bridge the gap. For they will be continuous during the terms. Mr. Arthur Bryant as a Governor of Ashridge, apparently distressed his colleagues by making a pronouncement on the management of Ashridge without consultation with them. Unfortunately, I missed any report of what he said. Mr. Bryant, I am told, has grown a beard. Some of his colleagues assert that the beard, the natural badge of mature wisdom, has appeared too soon. I am in no position to decide the question—I am both biased and ignorant of the facts. I dislike beards. But I confess that when, a day later, Mr. Bryant replied to Lord Davidson, his answer was both convincing and clear; at any rate, it revealed that the Governors were at loggerheads, and that the Principal, the librarian and other officials were under notice to leave. According to Mr. Bryant, the Principal, Sir Bernard Paget, had succeeded, where Lord Davidson had failed, in raising the wind and increasing fees and membership. In short, there has been a row, and that is a pity. But there is to be another Governors' meeting this month, when perhaps hatchets will be buried and notices withdrawn. Scores of pupils have spoken to the value of the education afforded by the briefest courses there, and it certainly seems that Ashridge might benefit from a small grant from those millions ever at the disposal of the Government. And so, for once in a way, might the nation which finds the money.

World Food Problems.—The British Association's meeting this year at Newcastle has been largely devoted to problems of food production, and a team of speakers, members of the Royal Society, has drawn large audiences.

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP—MR. G. H. GASCOIGNE (RIGHT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM MR. W. C. NISBETT, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS INVITATION GOLF TOURNAMENT: The tournament was played at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond, on Friday of last week. The competition was started in 1926 and, with the exception of the war years, has been staged annually ever since. Mr. G. H. Gascoigne won with a net score of 66. In the afternoon there was a four-ball game against bogey

In face of a fearful catalogue of statistics, all pointing to world famine, Sir John Russell is clearly more optimistic than Lord Boyd-Orr, and sees points of light in the dark clouds. At any rate, he does not believe that, given all the help that science could afford, world famine waits round the corner in the next decades, albeit the mouths to be fed increase by 20,000,000 a year (forty mouths a minute), and every minute 300 acres of soil are lost by erosion. But the situation in the "dust-bowl" States is improved, the production of rice in the Far East has already benefited from experiments made in England; animal diseases are steadily being brought under control. As regards English agriculture, some interesting statistics have come to light. The yield of wheat in Britain before the wars used to be 9 cwt. per acre. To-day it averages 20 cwt. The best farmers can get up to 40 cwt., but the world average is still no more than 7 cwt. Despite the urgent claims for more and more food-bearing land in Britain, the difference in outlook between town and country is still too sharply marked, and the Government view too dangerously urban, with the result that good farmland is still being filched away for other purposes. Yet, from our present still-shrinking pittance of food-bearing lands we may yet manage, with the help of science, to raise half the food we need to feed our people, besides improving the quality of both milk and meat. And there are means as well as room for less-developed nations to improve the feeding standard of their peoples.

The Refugees.—The fearful problem of repatriated German refugees is one of which this country, with its many present anxieties in its own streets, is almost totally unconscious. The figures are quite terrifying. Into all the zones of Germany, refugees, largely from Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland, have for four years been pouring back, and now represent one-sixth of the total German population. Let us consider a moment in what plight and in what state of mind 10,000,000 men, women and children are likely to have drifted back. Disillusioned, if not desperate, hungry, tired, sick; inoculated with the virus of Communism and hatred; without homes, without possessions, without hope, without jobs to go to, they must be collected, herded, vetted and inspected and drafted to camps and compounds in which living conditions may well be as bad as in some war concentration camps. In rural areas such as Slesvig-Holstein, the means for resettlement are not there (with the best will in the world), and nothing but work in gangs on the land offers any large-scale resettlement. Yet three-quarters of the repatriated are townsmen, and there has been no chance to choose only countrymen for rural areas. Nor do the resident farmers readily accept the help offered them. And another winter is approaching and perhaps a severe one. The wonder is that during the last two winters this terrible problem has managed somehow to keep below the crust and not to burst out as a lava stream of major calamity.

Edinburgh and Dunedin.—I like to read the *Scotsman* for a month every year. I like its way of presenting the news. Usually I have thought it almost too unostentatious. But this year I withdraw that criticism. As might be expected, it has given Edinburgh for weeks on end *all* the limelight in pictures, in special articles, in reports and descriptions. It has convinced its readers that in August and September, 1949, the Athens of the North is the capital of civilisation—a view I am not disposed to combat—and that the chief world-figures of the hour are the Lord Provost and the Lord Mayor of Dunedin. And I like to think that that too is true; for nothing could be more peaceful, pleasant and uplifting than their daily functions. It is pleasant that Stalin and all his works should recede to the shadowy wings of the stage and that the other Athens should declare its victory over the guerillas to ears that are filled with fine music and harmonies of a more permanent kind. I hope I shall not be trounced if I let fall one more dewdrop on Scotland. The Scots set out to make another Salzburg in their country, and it must be admitted they have done the job to the admiration of an envious world—perhaps almost overdone it in the variety of sideshows.

The Sweets of Dictatorship.—Mr. Tuohy's article on Tito's fight for survival in last week's issue of THE SPHERE in its attractive new form, led me to reflect on the lot of dictators. From first to last they must drive forward with the signals at red. The fates of their predecessors scream warnings to them. So few, so very few of them have ever died in the odour of sanctity, among their friends, in their own homes, at peace. From Cæsar to Hitler, the story is a tragic tale of dagger and poison, bomb and exile. And now Tito, it seems, must exist as did the later Cæsars, with bodyguards and tasters and detectives, and a ditch of water between him and his enemies and admirers, waiting for the hidden stroke from the earth, air or water, waiting to be kidnapped or murdered from the East or snatched up as a pawn in a bigger game from the West. But the warnings go unheeded in the early years when power is there for the picking. And like poor Mr. Perrin, each new dictator comforts himself with the belief that it will be all right this time (or this term) for one more man of destiny. And not only the dead and broken dictators before them, but the gentle poets of all ages have sounded the same warning of the inexorable fate which awaits all who wade through slaughter to a throne or grab at a ration of power never designed for one man. Tito and Stalin and Franco, all due precautions taken, sit on their thrones and hope to be exceptions to the general rule of dictators, but you and I and the watching world, not blinded by the dazzle of power, can read the warnings and merely have to guess how long the last act can be deferred.

Half a Farthing.—Even the sober *Times*, trawling for news, could find a generous inch to inform the public that a visitor to Chester Cathedral had put a half-farthing in the collection-box. This small coin was first issued in 1842 and withdrawn before 1870. It could hardly be described as a Widow's Mite to-day. I wonder what is the purchasing power, 100 years after its first issue, of a half-farthing. Is there anything in the shops which could be acquired for a half-farthing, even if single sweets were sold? A shilling does not buy much. Half a farthing is little more than 1/100th part of a shilling. Will his contribution be accounted to the visitor for righteousness? It is not nearly so valuable as the trouser-buttons which in Edwardian times sometimes found their way into the bag at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, and were solemnly announced with the rest of the collection by Canon Eyton.

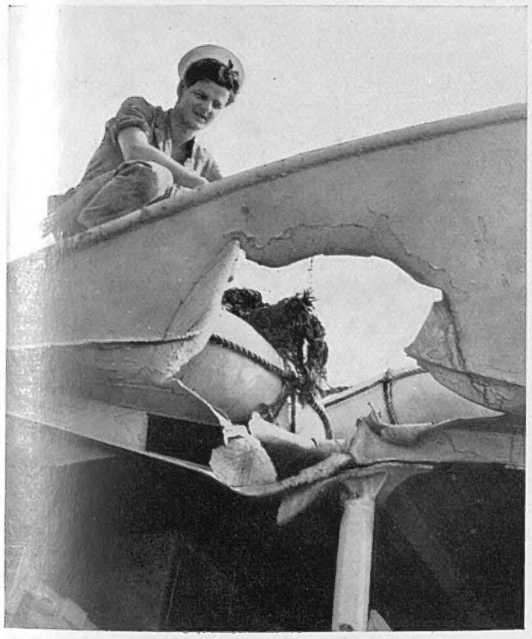
THE OLD STAGER

H.M.S. "LONDON" IS HOME

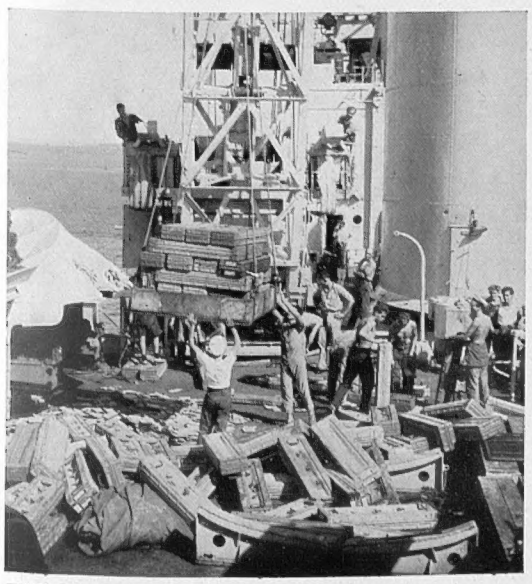
The Return of the First Warship from the Yangtse Action

After the inevitable delay at Sheerness, where, according to naval regulations, all warships of cruiser size and above must land all ammunition before proceeding up the Medway to Chatham, H.M.S. *London* steamed into the dockyard and was home again after a two-year commission in the Far East. As the cruiser came alongside bands played a welcome; relatives of the ship's company waved their handkerchiefs and the ship's 400-ft.-long paying-off pennant fluttered from her after-mast. H.M.S. *London* is the first of the warships engaged in the Yangtse River action last April to return home. She has now paid-off and been entered into reserve after nearly twenty-one years of sea service. Within a short time of the *London* being made fast relatives were allowed on board to greet the ship's company. On Friday of last week, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London journeyed down to Chatham to address the ship's company. Earlier at Sheerness, during the de-ammunitioning, the C.-in-C., Nore, had visited the ship. Captain P. G. L. Cazalet, in command of the *London*, said that his ship had to give up the rescue attempt of the *Amethyst* when she was 20 miles from the frigate as she might even have been stranded herself. Previously, it had been thought that she was only two miles from the *Amethyst*.

H.M.S. "LONDON" AT THE END OF HER TWO-YEAR COMMISSION IN THE FAR EAST—THE 10,000-TON CRUISER MAKES FAST AT CHATHAM FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE YANGTSE ACTION: The "London" is now to go into reserve. During the action in the Yangtse last April, when she went to the rescue of H.M.S. "Amethyst," the "London" lost fifteen members of her crew. Thirteen others were injured



BATTLE SCARS OF H.M.S. "LONDON": Seaman Maclean, of Glasgow, pointing to one of the cruiser's jagged holes made by shellfire, on the 4-in.-gun deck



THE REASON FOR THE DELAY AT SHEERNESS: Before the "London" could proceed to Chatham, and before visitors were allowed on board, she had to discharge her ammunition at the river estuary

"ROLLING HOME"—H.M.S. "LONDON" MAKING HER WAY THROUGH THE CHANNEL TO CHATHAM AFTER HER ARRIVAL FROM THE CHINA SEA: The 595-ft. warship, with a beam of 66 ft., the first of the Yangtse action ships to return to this country, is London's own cruiser. She was "adopted" by the City during a war-time Savings campaign. Her armament includes eight 8-in. guns, eight 4-in. and sixteen 2-pdr. pom-poms

BRAEMAR'S RECORD CROWD

More Than 35,000 Spectators at the Highland Games

GETTING READY TO UNFURL THE ROYAL STANDARD : Mr. John Cumming, Treasurer of the Braemar Gathering, hoisted the Standard on the arrival of the Royal Family from Balmoral

THE ARENA AT PRINCESS ROYAL PARK, WHERE MORE THAN 35,000 [illegible] FOR THE HIGHLAND GAMES : Their Majesties the King and Queen [illegible] Family, saw dancing, wrestling and other events. Among the [illegible]

OFFICIAL GREETINGS AT PRINCESS ROYAL PARK : Mr. Joseph Grant, Secretary of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, and Mr. John Michie, President, welcoming Captain A. A. C. Farquharson, of Invercauld, a Patron, and Mrs. Farquharson on their arrival at the Games

THE MASSED PIPE BANDS MARCH ROUND THE ARENA AT PRINCESS ROYAL [illegible] of the day and vigorously applauded as the pipers passed each [illegible] Queen presented to Pipe-Major Smith the Senior Pipe Band Cham[illegible]

CLUDING MANY OVERSEAS VISITORS, FORGATHERED 3 p.m. and, with other members of the Royal itors was a large contingent from the Dominions

dless to say, this was one of the great spectacles crowd during their circuit. Before leaving, the ld won this year by Dundee Police Pipe Band

THE ROYAL VISITORS AT THE GAMES : The Marquis of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, His Majesty the King, a Patron of the Games, Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth. The King and the Duke of Gloucester wore Highland dress

South Africa Commemorates

THE GREAT TREK

The New Pretoria Memorial to the Pioneers

PIET RETIEF, THE VOORTREKKER HERO, GAZES OUT ACROSS THE LAND FOR WHICH HE SET OUT WITH THE TREK BOERS OF 1835: This giant bust of the leader adorns one corner of the Pretoria Memorial, which is to be opened with much ceremony during December. Piet Retief was the first leader of the Voortrekkers, and with 100 of his followers he died at the treacherous hands of Dingaan's men during festivities held ostensibly to mark a treaty of friendship with the Zulus. Their massacre was avenged by Andries Pretorius

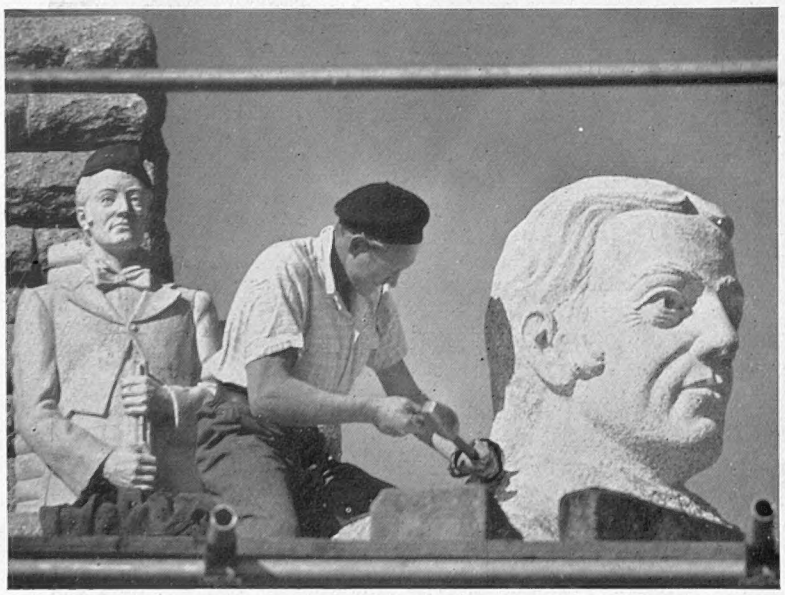
As a result of the abolition of slavery in 1834 and the abandonment by the Home Government of the territory west of the Keiskamma, which had formed part of Cape Colony since 1819, no fewer than 10,000 Boers determined to escape from British rule, and set out for the promised land beyond the Vaal and the Orange Rivers. They made their way by ox-wagon across the trackless veldt, seldom covering more than twelve miles a day, and under their first great leader Piet Retief, and later under Andries Pretorius, they journeyed into the unknown. A people "brave, patient, industrious, orderly and religious," to use the words of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, sundered themselves from the other white race in South Africa, and carved for themselves new Republics to the north.

To commemorate that great and significant event the South African Government is now completing the memorial at Pretoria, and when the monument and amphitheatre are dedicated in December of this year descendants of the Voortrekkers will come from every corner of the land to attend the ceremonies. Many of the descendants of the Voortrekkers are growing old-fashioned beards for the occasion, and some of them intend to travel to Pretoria in old-type canvas wagons.

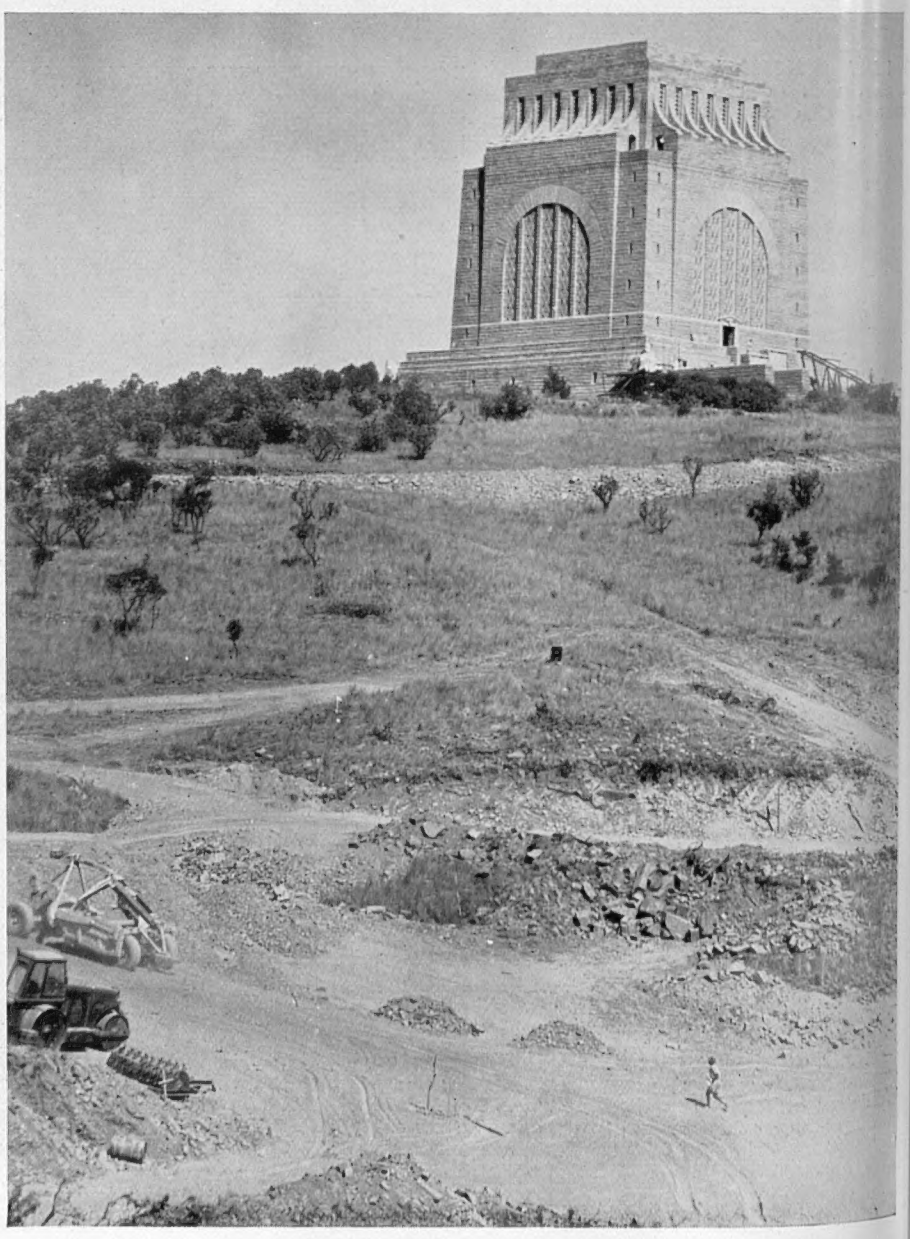
Within the monument on the hill above Pretoria are sarcophagi in which the bodies of Voortrekker leaders may be re-interred, although no decision on this point has as yet been made. In the centre of the great hall stands a figure of a Voortrekker mother. The inauguration will take place on December 16, Dingaan's Day, a national holiday in South Africa. It was on that day in December 1838, that 460 mounted Boers under their new leader, Andries Pretorius, boldly advanced to Dingaan's Kraal, encountering the Zulu impis 12,000 strong on the banks of the Blood River, not far from Rorke's Drift. An obstinate engagement terminated in the total defeat of the Zulus, who left 3,000 dead upon the field.

A feature of the Pretoria monument are the four carved figures at each of the corners, showing the likenesses of four of the leaders of the trek. Most notable of the four is Piet Retief, who died with his men when the Zulus fell upon them at a feast. It was Piet Retief, who, after wandering through the Orange Free State, found the pass through the Drakensberg to the fertile plains of Natal, thus paving the way for the short-lived Republic of Natalia. Retief's successor, Andries Pretorius, also commemorated in stone, was conqueror of Dingaan. It was he who concluded a convention with the British and won recognition of the Transvaal's independence. Pretorius, who at one time adopted a conciliatory policy towards the British, joined Kruger and Joubert in the Boer revolt against British annexation in 1880. Pretorius died in 1901.

On right—**THE VOORTREKKER MONUMENT: It stands on the hillside above the vast amphitheatre now being carved out below it. Both monument and amphitheatre form part of the memorial to the Great Trek to be dedicated in December**



"ANDRIES PRETORIUS": A craftsman carving from a model one of the busts of the Voortrekker leaders adorning the corners of the monument



THE BUNDESRAT, OR UPPER HOUSE, OF THE NEW GERMAN PARLIAMENT MEETS AT BONN: For the opening ceremony the chamber was bright with white chrysanthemums, and the wall behind the Speaker's chair was draped with the flags of the Lander. In the centre was the Federal black, red and gold flag. The sitting opened with the playing of movements of Mozart's Haffner Symphony

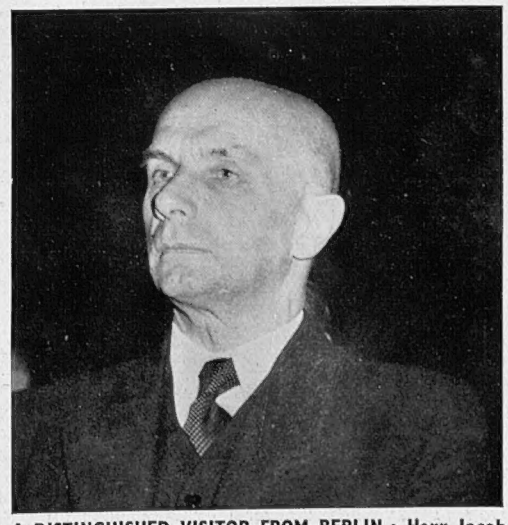
GERMANY BECOMES A FEDERAL REPUBLIC

As the New Parliament Opens at Bonn

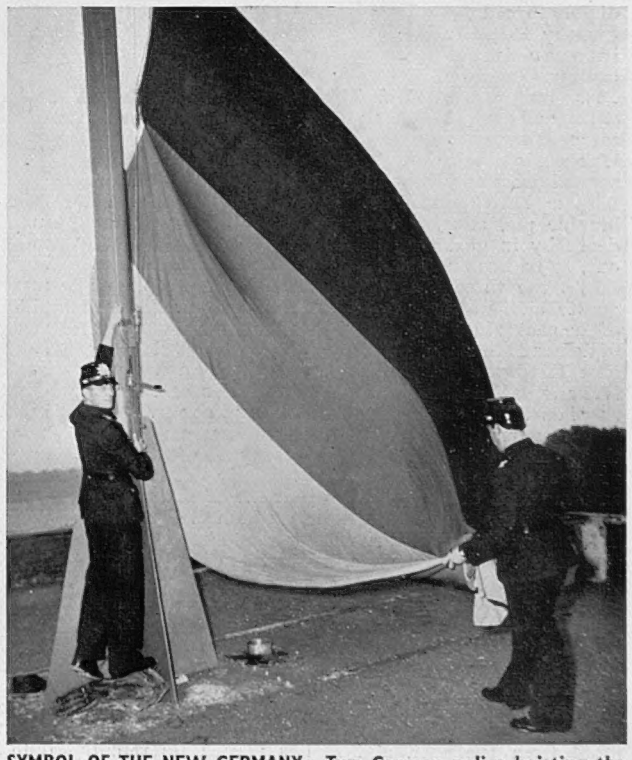
With the constitution of the two chambers of the Federal Parliament the Western German Republic came into being, the Bundesrat being opened in the morning and the Bundestag in the afternoon of the same day. The representatives of the occupying Powers were conspicuous by their detachment from the proceedings, and many commented upon the appearance of General Sir Brian Robertson, the new High Commissioner, in morning dress. With him were his fellow High Commissioners, M. François Poncet and Mr. McCloy. There were warm cheers for Herr Karl Arnold, Premier of North Rhine Westphalia, on his election as Speaker of the Bundesrat. In the Bundestag Dr. Kohler, of the Christian Democratic Union, was elected to the all-important speakership of the Lower House.

THE FIRST CHANCELLOR OF THE NEW GERMANY: Dr. Konrad Adenauer, former Mayor of Cologne and for years a staunch opponent of the Nazis

THE FIRST GERMAN TO BE VESTED WITH FEDERAL AUTHORITY IN THE POST-WAR PARLIAMENT: Herr Karl Arnold, Minister President of North Rhine Westphalia, who was elected Speaker of the Upper House, or Bundesrat, receiving 37 of the 42 votes



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR FROM BERLIN: Herr Jacob Kaiser, chairman of the Christian Democratic Union in Berlin, attended the opening at Bonn



SYMBOL OF THE NEW GERMANY: Two German police hoisting the black, red and gold flag of the West German Federal Republic above the Parliament building where the Bundesrat met

GERMANY UNDER the HIGH COMMISSIONERS

A New Phase in the Western Zones

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"AT 8 a.m. on February 17, 1924, the last essay in Separatism on the Rhine had officially terminated and a chapter of European history with it."

"The London Conference of August, 1924, marked the turning-point. Herriot went back to Paris and forthwith set about liquidating (leaving) the Ruhr."

"The year 1925 witnessed great junketing in the Rhineland in celebration of the 1000th year of its Germanic existence. The celebrations were in reality for the victory over Poincaré."

"From 1925 onwards a profound change was to come over the character of the Occupation. After nearly half-a-dozen years of perpetuated 'war mentality,' Gustav Stresemann, primarily, contrived to bring about a détente; and to launch the barque 'Evacuation' on the relatively stilled waters."

We have not reached a détente of 1925 proportions in this post-war Germany. On the other hand, certain current happenings and trends can hardly fail to recall the successful German fighting back, or gains, of 1924-25. It is something in the air.

How the overturning of a British official's car in the Ruhr and the subsequent dismantling under British Bren guns recalled the "digging of coal with bayonets" in the same Ruhr a generation ago; only then it was the French who were placed in the invidious position.

Again, take the clamour for the lifting of all controls on German affairs, the expectation of being admitted on an instant equality to the Council of Europe, the caveat entered in advance with respect to the Saar. Are we not put in mind of the 1926 campaign to rid the Rhineland of the Occupation forces years ahead of time, of the to-do about getting Germany into the League of Nations, of the caveat entered in advance with respect to the same Saar territory?

There is even the comparison between the British Control civilian in Germany, then and now. I quote again from my published story concerning the 1918-1930 Occupation.

"In the autumn of 1924 the recovery of the mark from sixty milliards to 16 marks to the £ in one day immediately turned the wealthy Britisher into an impecunious person. . . . Institutions which had catered in the distraction line saw their subsidies withdrawn and had to close down. Life became hard and stern. The British had to eat humble pie, clinging to trams while Germans thundered by in glistening Mercédés. We began to fade out, to be less and less top dog."

As the three Western High Commissioners inaugurate civilian supervision from the Rhine, the call of the past is insistent. There is the same foreshadowing of demands to come, this time to be made by Adenauer, that Hindenburg warned of; the same emphasis on Ruhr and Rhineland; the same stirrings of Nazism, as when Hitler came out of Landsberg in 1925.

Of course, there are differences between now and then. The chief ones are obviously the continued presence of the Americans (who formerly left in 1923), and the wish of the Germans that the Western Occupation forces stay on to protect them from the Russians. Yet enough similarities exist to warrant close examination in the event that it is not yet too late to learn lessons from the past.

This is also a time to cast back over the last four years in Germany, to reflect upon how things might have been done better, and how on earth other things were ever done as well as they were!

In the British camp, the initial mistake was made of trying to run the Occupation on the cheap from the standpoint of personnel. This was done despite proof from the past, and it has reaped its rebuff. With people like the Germans, victors must employ control men of marked quality, character and appearance. The trio might have been had from departing officers in 1945, wouldn't have cost more than a million or so extra each year, and must have repaid several times over in impression left, prestige upheld, and results achieved.

The Nazis would have sent over their suavest, handsomest, most intelligent corps of controllers, had they come to England, and for once we might have taken a page from their book. The above is no reflection on the dwindling survivors of the Control Commission, soon to be down to a nigh invisible sprinkling of 4,500 for the whole British Zone. Neither reasonable salaries nor security of tenure were offered, so inevitably the best-suited men were not attracted. And to-day, as if to rub in its unimaginative cheeseparing, the Treasury is seeing to it that the last 4,500 shall eke out their Control service as so many "poor British" among Germans becoming their guzzling, ostentatious selves again in growing degree.

I recently saw a jibe to the effect that the Control Commission would henceforth be mainly employed in administering itself. What is serious, is that its radically diminished numbers are left with work of high import, such as control over major economic matters, foreign affairs, and defence. The last implies watching the Germans lest they spring any nasty surprises. In addition, the new German basic law must be maintained, and censorship and frontier control. And dismantling.

Re-education is nearly over, thank goodness. In the wholly abnormal circumstances, it never could have made much headway among the Germans, hugely cynical, nihilistic, in a moral sink and a material abyss. But, into the bargain, Germans learn from watching people's acts, not listening to their words. Denazification was another near-failure. The term had a great vogue in the closing months of the war. When healers got down to brass tacks, they found the infection had ranged too widely and worked too deeply. A disorder like that can only be cast off like a fever, by sweating it out oneself.

The Army now has to be on call to enforce dismantling, not to have gone right ahead with which, from early 1946, was our most unnecessary blunder. There would still have been small come-back if we had pitched really into it in the following year. Why didn't we? I have heard several explanations: an understanding with the Russians, "palling up" to the Germans, Socialist policy at home, and the inevitable "not enough personnel nor funds."

Nothing explains the stupendous clowning of getting the Germans to reconstruct plant and *then* ordering them to dismantle it. That just made them wild. Maybe this thought might govern future dismantling: perseverance at this late day may bequeath a hostility that could be more dangerous than the plant itself, if left intact.

Even were dismantling stopped in the near future, the Germans could point to three-eighths of all the equipment made available by the British since 1945, as still in the British Zone, unallocated to any ally. It is the kind of thing which lends colour to their argument that dismantling is not being done from the security motive, but from industrial selfishness.

The Western Allies enter the second phase of the Occupation with certain advantages. They know the Germans don't want to pass under the Russians any more than we want them to do so. They are aware that the Germans are looking to the West for their rehabilitation, their opening on the world, and, indeed, new life. They realise that some of the Germans' election hostility was "politics." Among themselves, British, French and Americans are far more united than ever they were after World War I. In particular, French policy was then annexionist and is now bent towards meeting Germany half-way.

In their new High Commissioner, M. François-Poncet, the French have a rare expert of German psychology, and we may expect an increasing impact of French policy of an imaginative and even generous kind, considering the circumstances. General Sir Brian Robertson is having to shed his uniform in order to take his place beside civilian M. Poncet and Mr. McCloy, and there are those who aver that this will diminish Sir Brian's authority with the Germans, who have had all too little martial stuff brandished at them.

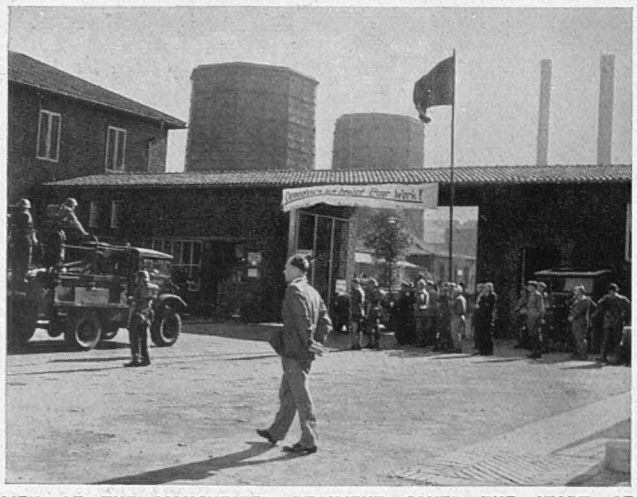
Mr. McCloy is an unknown quantity. A bother with Americans is that they are apt to go about things in too hurried a manner. This leads them to over-simplify situations and tie them up too neatly. The raising of so many controls, especially newspaper control, in the U.S. Zone, has been followed by the Germans getting more out in the West.

The chief disadvantage under which the West labours, requires no elaboration. It is the constant threat that the Germans will play one off against the other—Westerners and Russians. Here the Germans hold a more potent weapon of "persuasion" than ever they came to wield after the first war. They already know full well that the West's real nightmare is a link-up of Germany with Russia, and Nazis beaten to the dust are not the people to let go such a lever.

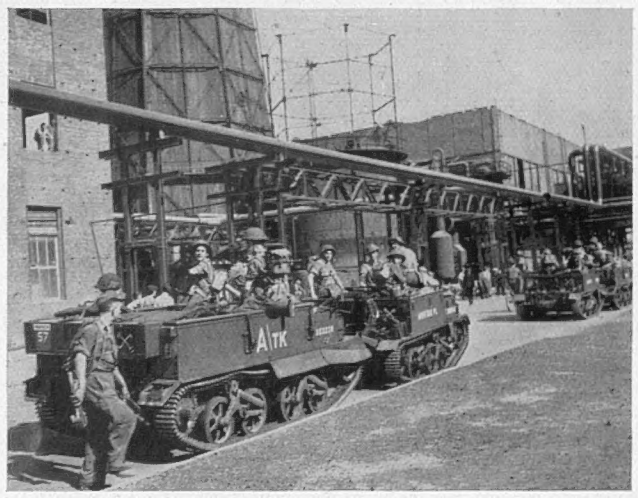
One could be excused if one beheld in the sudden flare-up of Nazi journalism, partly a demonstration concerted so as to catch the attention of the West, and condition it into a more malleable mood for the reception of German requests and demands when these come along in due course. A firm indication of coming events is given by the new propaganda to the effect that if only the Weimar Republic had been more pampered there would have been no Hitler. In other words, give Bonn freedoms and benefits which were denied Weimar, or else. . . .

We are also going to hear a powerful revival of the technique which went so well in the '20's, now altered to "Hitler was responsible for the war and its conduct, not the German Army or people."

And old man Schacht has stepped into the shoes of Von Epp, who used to run the Africa propaganda. Schacht has worked out a plan for letting Germans in on the development of Africa. Obviously the Germans have got to be allowed to go somewhere or they most certainly will explode.



MEN OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT COVER THE START OF DISMANTLING AT THE RUHR-CHEMIE FACTORY, OBERHAUSEN: *Left*—Troops on duty at the entrance to the plant, where the German opponents of dismantling had set up a black flag and a banner proclaiming "Dismantlers, now your work begins." *Right*—A corporal and two men of the Manchesters watching the workers arrive to dismantle the synthetic oil installations. Some parts of the Ruhr-Chemie plant are being maintained. A team of ninety men is engaged on the task of dismantlement, and it is to be increased in the near future



THE TROOPS AND THE DISMANTLERS ARRIVE AT OBERHAUSEN: *Left*—Men of the Manchester Regiment at the Ruhr-Chemie plant; and (*right*) a lorry-load of dismantlers. Some of them covered their faces to avoid appearing in Press pictures, expecting that publicity might bring reprisals from fellow-citizens

AMERICANA

THE MASS MURDERS IN CAMDEN; THE DEATH OF ODOM; THE BATTLE OF PEEKSKILL

WHERE A U.S. WAR VETERAN WENT BERSERK—THE SCENE OF A MASS KILLING IN CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY: *Right*—**Police waiting with tommy-guns during the round-up of Howard Unruh in River Road after he had shot twelve of his neighbours dead and wounded five others, it was at first presumed in a fit of pique because the man who owned the drug store, which is seen in the left-hand picture, refused to let Unruh park his car outside. The time taken from the first shot to the last was forty-five minutes.** Fifty police laid siege to the house in which Unruh took refuge, and he shot it out with them until they used tear-gas. The police stood shoulder-to-shoulder to prevent Unruh—whose name in German means "unrest"—being lynched as they took him to the patrol waggon. At police headquarters Unruh told the prosecutor the killings were "part of a preconceived plan," and he could remember every detail. Then he is said to have made this statement: "The neighbours had been talking about me and making derogatory remarks about my character. I had been thinking about killing them for some time. Last night I went to a cinema and saw *Fear in the Night* and *For You I Die*. I made up my mind to kill them this morning." A detective said that, after its forty-five minutes of terror, River Road "looked like a battlefield"

WHERE BILL ODOM PLUNGED TO DEATH: After hitting high-tension wires, the Mustang in which the ace was flying in the Thompson Trophy Race at Cleveland stalled, went into a spin and plunged into this house. As the plane exploded in a mushroom of smoke and flame, Mrs. Laird, occupier of the house, was burned to death and her baby was injured

HUNTING AMID THE WRECKAGE IN THE BEREA SUBURB OF CLEVELAND: Firemen and volunteers searching for the bodies of Odom and Mrs. Laird after Odom's plane had crashed into the house and exploded. During the war Odom ferried bombers across the Atlantic, and later flew the "Hump" route to China. In 1947 Odom flew round the world solo in just over seventy-three hours. He recently broke a light plane record for a non-stop flight from Honolulu to the eastern seaboard of the United States

PAUL ROBESON HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: The American negro singer showing a stone which was hurled through the window of a car in which one of his supporters rode on the journey back from the open-air concert at Peekskill. Serious fighting began as the home-bound concert-goers drove beyond the limits of the big police picket. It was then that anti-Communists hurled stones and other missiles through car and bus windows, and the damaged condition of all of the vehicles as they reached New York betokened the savagery of the engagement. There was not a bus without broken windows. The toll of injured was officially given as forty-eight

HOW THE PICKET LINES OPERATED IN THE BATTLE OF PEEKSKILL: Under the direction of Leon Strauss, of the International Fur and Leather Workers' Union of the Committee of Industrial Organisation, these supporters of Paul Robeson stood round the perimeter of the open-air concert arena at Peekskill, New York State, where Paul Robeson came to sing. They obeyed police instructions to the letter, and were instrumental in keeping away the 1,000 anti-Communist war veterans of Westchester County who attempted to break up the gathering. The battle developed when the concert-goers ran the gauntlet as they drove home

THE NEW VICKERS-ARMSTRONG SUPERMARINE P 510, A DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATTACKER: Like the HAWKER P 1052, which is also powered by the Rolls-Royce Nene jet engine and also has swept-back wings, the P 510 was making its first public appearance when shown last week at the Farnborough display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. Both machines are capable of speeds up to and beyond that of sound (that is to say, approximately 760 m.p.h. at sea-level and 660 m.p.h. at 36,000 ft.). The Nene engine is installed amidships in the P 510, being fed with air from a bifurcated air intake. The cockpit is placed well forward, giving an excellent view. The undercarriage, which is fully enclosed when retracted, is of conventional type

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AVIATION SHOW

The British Aircraft Industry Displays its Wares at Farnborough

THE CIERVA AUTOGIRO COMPANY'S AIR HORSE: This helicopter, capable of carrying twenty-four passengers or three or four tons payload, is of special interest as been suggested it would make a suitable air taxi, conveying passengers from London to the British Overseas' flying-boat base on the south coast. The Air Ho powered by a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. It had the distinction of opening the programme of individual demonstrations of aircraft at the Farnborough

THE FARNBOROUGH PARADE OF BRITISH AERIAL MIGHT: Some of the many types of civil and military aircraft which were available for public inspection at last week's display by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. In the foreground is the Armstrong-Whitworth turbo-prop Apollo air-liner, and just behind on the right the de Havilland Comet which has won such golden opinions during trials since its maiden flight

This year's annual display by the British aircraft industry has been a cause of deep pride to the British people, and the measure of technical progress revealed has won generous tributes from leaders of the American aircraft industry, among them Mr. Harold Harris, vice-president and general manager of American Oversea Airlines, who, on arrival in London last week to attend the Farnborough show, declared: "America has nothing to compare with the Comet jet air-liner. The Vickers Viscount is almost as interesting. The display is better than anything similar in the United States." From the land of superlatives that is tribute indeed! Last week visitors from fifty-eight countries went down to Farnborough, where they saw an array of civil and military aircraft, the result of years of careful long-term planning. Most interest centred upon the jets and prop-jets, among them being the English Electric Canberra I, the first British jet bomber, the D.H. Comet, the world's first four-jet air-liner, and several fighters with spectacular potentialities in the region of the sonic barrier, among them the Vickers-Armstrong Supermarine P.510.

THE 48-SEAT BRISTOL WAYFARER: The machine with the front of the fuselage doors open and its power units revealed. The Wayfarer which is one of the first of Britain's post-war air-liners, created much interest in 1946 when she made her proving flight to the Channel Islands on the occasion of the liberation anniversary ceremonies. The aircraft has been instrumental in bringing the Channel Islands within an hour's flight of London

THE WESTLAND SIKORSKY FOUR-SEATER HELICOPTER: Amongst pioneers of the helicopter, Igor Sikorsky probably takes first place. Practical experiments began when Sikorsky started to develop his ideas as long ago as 1908; although these were left unfinished during the period he was interested also in the design of military and passenger-carrying aircraft. In 1939 the VS. 300 helicopter made its first appearance and successful flight, and this has been followed by later types which made history during World War II. The S. 51 has a top speed of 103 m.p.h., and the machine can also remain stationary in the air

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

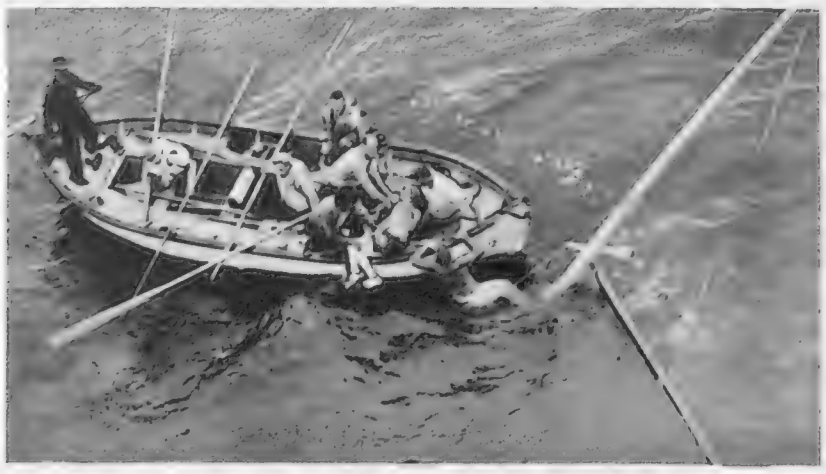
A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

THOUSANDS HOMELESS IN THE KEMPSEY DISTRICT OF NEW SOUTH WALES—DISASTROUS FLOODS CAUSE DAMAGE TO STOCK, CROPS AND PROPERTY ESTIMATED AT £2,000,000 : *Left*—An aerial view of Kempsey as the floodwaters rose. *Right*—The débris-littered streets after the flooding, which swept away more than thirty build-

As the floodwaters receded at Kempsey they left the main street of the little New South Wales town thick with mud and débris, among which the 7,000 inhabitants searched for furniture and other household belongings. The town was completely without light and water, and the sewage system broke down. The Macleay River was a raging torrent at the height of the floods, and one of the heroes of the town was a Salvation Army captain who crossed the river nine times and effected the rescue of 125 people from marooned homes. Many of the rest had been without food for two or three days. Kempsey is in Dud County, about 200 miles north of Sydney, and its somewhat isol position added to the problems of providing relief for the home-

THE WEDDING OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JNR. : The son of the for President leaving for his honeymoon with his bride, the former M Suzanne Perrin, after their marriage in New York. Mr. Roosevelt, Democrat Liberal representative in Congress from the Twentieth Congress District, New York, and victor in a recent by-election, is a member of law firm of Poletti, Diamond, Roosevelt, Freidin and Mackay. His marriage to the former Miss Ethel Du Pont ended in a Nevada divorce May. During the war the bride served in the U.S. Marine Corps. Her fa the late Mr. Perrin, was chairman of the C.I.B.A. Pharmaceutical Prod

AMERICA STAGES HER OWN VERSION OF THE LYNSKEY TRIBUNAL : General Harry H. Vaughan (centre), President Truman's Military Aide, appearing with Colonel Cornelius Mara, his assistant, before the Senate Investigating Committee on Five Percentism, which is charged with studying "the importance of influence in the conduct of Government business." During two weeks of sensational testimony, which centred on General Vaughan and his friends, numerous allegations were made against the General. One allegation was that Vaughan interceded directly with Government agencies to get priorities and favours for business friends. He was also accused of accepting gifts from parties interested in getting Government favours. The General described gifts he had received as "expressions of friendship and nothing more." Vaughan told the investigating committee that his friendship with President Truman spanned thirty years. His military record includes the award of a Silver Star for gallantry in action during the First World War



NEARLY A TRAGEDY ON LAKE HURON : Mrs. Dorothy Johnson is lifted aboard a lifeboat of the tanker "L. S. Wescott" after she and her husband, Dr. Orlen Johnson, and two other men had clung to the mast, which is seen projecting from the water, of their sunken yawl for twenty-nine hours in Saginaw Bay, Lake Huron. After being rescued they were taken aboard a Coast Guard cutter to the hospital in Bay City, Michigan. The rescue operations were delayed because no alarm was raised for many hours

PAUL ROBESON SINGS TO HIS CONCERT AUDIENCE BEFORE "THE BATTLE OF PEEKSKILL" : The baritone singer and leader of Left Wing thought surrounded by supporters he sang at the much-discussed open-air concert in the presence of 15,000 peop The first concert at Peekskill was broken up by war veterans of Westchester County, and a Robeson announced the second concert the war veterans turned up 3,000 strong with the ob of demonstrating their opposition. Governor Dewey of New York called out the police in fo but the 900 officers of the law did not succeed in preventing a battle when the concert en Forty-eight people were injured. (Further pictures of the battle will be found on page

PLEDGED TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN: Members of the modern Yugoslav infantry cleaning light machine-guns outside their barracks in Belgrade. The Yugoslav Army, which has made this pledge to Marshal Tito in view of Soviet threats to the security of the Federal People's Republic, has passed through three stages since the World War. At first consisting of numerous guerilla or partisan groups, organised voluntarily and by localities, it became known in 1942 as the National Liberation Army and Partisan Detachments, the latter corresponding to Britain's Home Guard, the former taking shape as a regular army organised in brigades, each bearing a local name. On March 1, 1945, this National Liberation Army became known as the Yugoslav Army

"RUMANIA CELEBRATES THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF LIBERATION FROM THE IMPERIALIST YOKE AT THE HANDS OF THE GLORIOUS SOVIET ARMY": Marshal K. E. Voroshilov, the distinguished leader of the Red Army in the field in the first days of the war, seen during his visit to Bucharest. He is with veterans of the Rumanian-Russian-Turkish War of 1877 who took part in the military parade through the city to mark the "liberation of 1944"

ANGLICAN BISHOPS IN THE UNITED STATES PAY A VISIT TO MAYOR O'DWYER: The Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland and English Diocesan Bishops, in company with others, leaving City Hall after meeting Mr. O'Dwyer. They are in the United States for meetings of the American Church Union and for Eucharistic Congresses in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer. The four leading Bishops from left to right are —the Bishop of Oxford, the Rt. Rev. K. E. Kirk; Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, the Most Rev. J. C. H. How; the Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. J. W. C. Wand; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Rt. Rev. H. W. Bradfield. During their stay the Bishops are preaching in cathedrals and churches of the Episcopal Church in America

EISENHOWER BROTHERS HOLD THEIR FIRST REUNION IN THREE YEARS: Left to right—Arthur B., of Kansas City; Edgar N., of Tacoma, Washington; General Dwight D., of New York; Earl D., of Charleroi, Pa., and Milton S., of Manhattan, Kansas, in St. Louis, where they met to attend the opening session of the American Bar Association convention. General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower is now continuing his work as President of Columbia

SPROUTING FROM THE DESERT: Construction work in progress at the new fertiliser township which is rising in North-East Egypt

A MODERN TOWNSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS: A new industrial township is rising from the desert sands of Suez, in North-East Egypt. By February 1950 the second largest fertiliser plant in the world will be in production eight miles from Suez. It will produce 60 per cent. of Egypt's fertiliser needs and will also make chemical dyes. The project is backed with finance amounting to £E4,000,000. Calcium nitrate, basic material for the plant's fertilisers, comes from the Sadat quarries 20 miles distant. To house 2,200 workers and their families, a whole township is being built, including a mosque, theatre, sports club, and hospital

THE YOUNG WARRIORS OF THE MASAI FORGATHER FOR THE EUNOTO CEREMONY, AT WHICH IS ANNOUNCED THE NAME OF THE MASAI MORAN CHOSEN AS OLUTONO, SPIRITUAL LEADER: The sinewy warriors, with their spears, knobkerries and oval shields, are seen arriving at the spot chosen by the witch-doctor for the ceremony. Apart from the choice of a spiritual leader, the Eunoto is also important as the occasion upon which the Morans reach the age when they are entitled to take a wife become elders of the clan. Warrior dances are a great feature of the occasion. The Masai, a people of Nilotic origin who have not entirely lost their reputation for violence live in vast reservation between Nairobi and the southern boundary of Kenya. In 1924 the reserve was gazetted as a "closed district," and since that time the Masai appear to have settled do

KENYA'S MASAI WARRIORS

CHOOSE A NEW SPIRITUAL LEADER

The Masai Eunoto Ceremony Near Nairobi

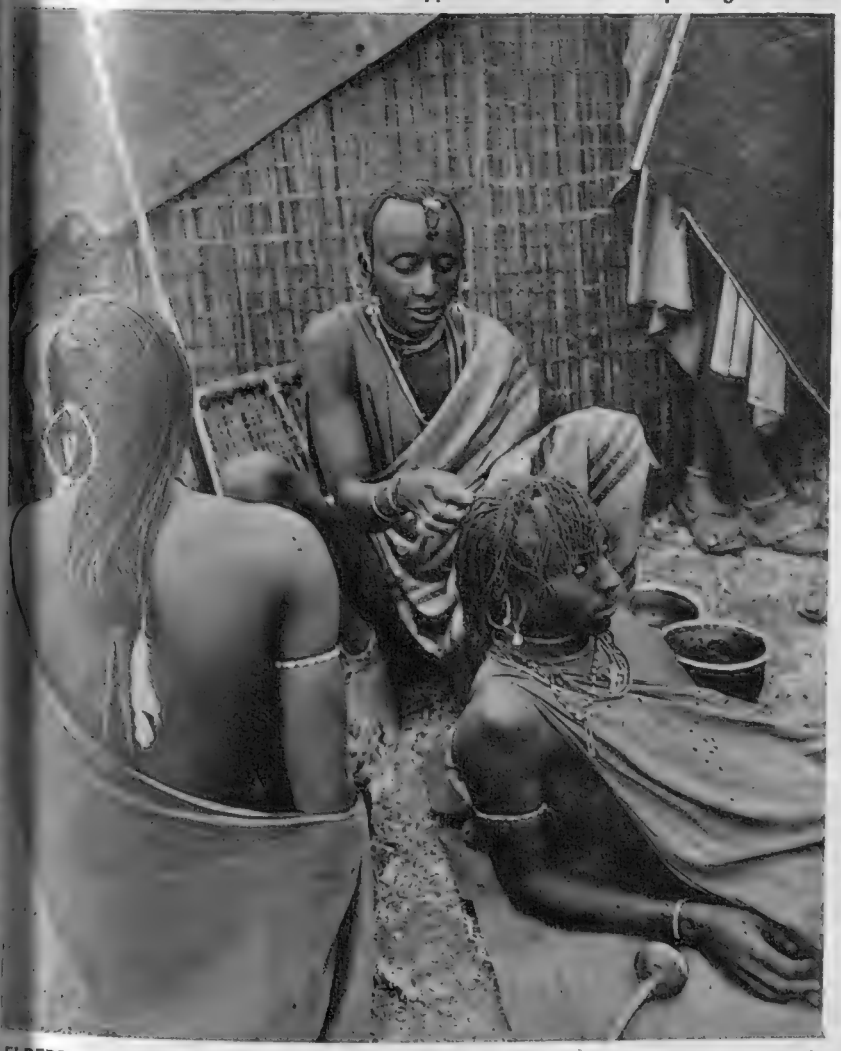
TWO MASAI ELDERS WITH THE WARRIORS OF THEIR CLAN DRAWN UP IN A SEMI-CIRCLE BEFORE THE START OF THE EUNOTO: When they engage in mock battles with other clans realism often creeps into the struggle, and the young warriors have to be forcibly restrained by the elders. The clans set up their camps apart from each other. While the women build the huts the clansmen engage in their mock battles and dance

MEN OF THE MASAI IN THEIR FULL WAR-PAINT: Their long hair matted with red ochre, their faces painted, and spears, shields and knobkerries in their hands, they advance on the scene of the Eunoto ceremony. In the days when they roamed the Leikipia Plain at will, before the creation of the Masai Reserve, they frequently attacked caravans, but, apart from clan dissensions, they can now be accounted a more or less peaceable, if not a peace-loving, community

THE SORROWING OLUTONO: On this young man of the Masai has fallen the task becoming the Olutono, or spiritual leader. To mark his elevation, which in no wise desires, his head is shaved bare by his mother, who handles razor-blade with ruthless efficiency. A basin of milk is poured over the he before the hair is removed. The appointment of Olutono is much dreade and causes acute misery to the elected Moran. Although his spiritual leadersh is acknowledged by all the clan and his slightest word is law, it is an accep fact among the Masai warriors and the elders of the clans that all the misfortunes will fall upon him and that he will be fated to die you

The Masai are not a Negro or Bantu race. They resemble the Gallas, being men of magnificent stature and Apollo-like forms, though their faces are ugly and ferocious in expression. In their youth they spend their time in military kraals, and if they have in part shaken off the warlike habits of the past, it is largely perhaps because of lack of opportunity and the pressure of white Government. The pictures on these pages were taken at the colourful Eunoto cer mony, showing members of the Laiser Molelian clans gathering in their reserve ne of Nairobi for the selection of their new spiri leader. The nomination of the Olutono is kep close secret until the day of the announcem as otherwise the luckless Moran would mak the bush and remain in hiding, for spiritual le ship of the clans inevitably means an early de

WHILE THE WOMEN WORK, BUILDING THE HUTS FOR THE EUNOTO CAMP, THE YOUNG MORANS DANCE IN UNISON: As they dance they crouch close together, the tempo of the dance creating near-hysteria. The dance largely consists of a neck movement, and it is supposed to imitate the panting of a lion



ELDERS IN THE MAKING: These three Masai Morans are among the nine also chosen at the same time as the Olutono. They will have their heads shaved, and when the hair has fully grown in about two years they will be acknowledged as elders and will be able to take wives for themselves

THE MOTHERS OF THE MORAN START HUT-BUILDING: Preparing the dwellings for the warriors at the place chosen for the Eunoto ceremony. They first make a skeleton building with sticks and branches. Cattle hides stretched across the top and sides form the shelter. These hides are carried from place to place. The site is called a "manyatta," and it is surrounded by a perimeter wall of thick, thorny bush in which their entire stock—cows, sheep, goats and donkeys—is brought in for protection during the night-time

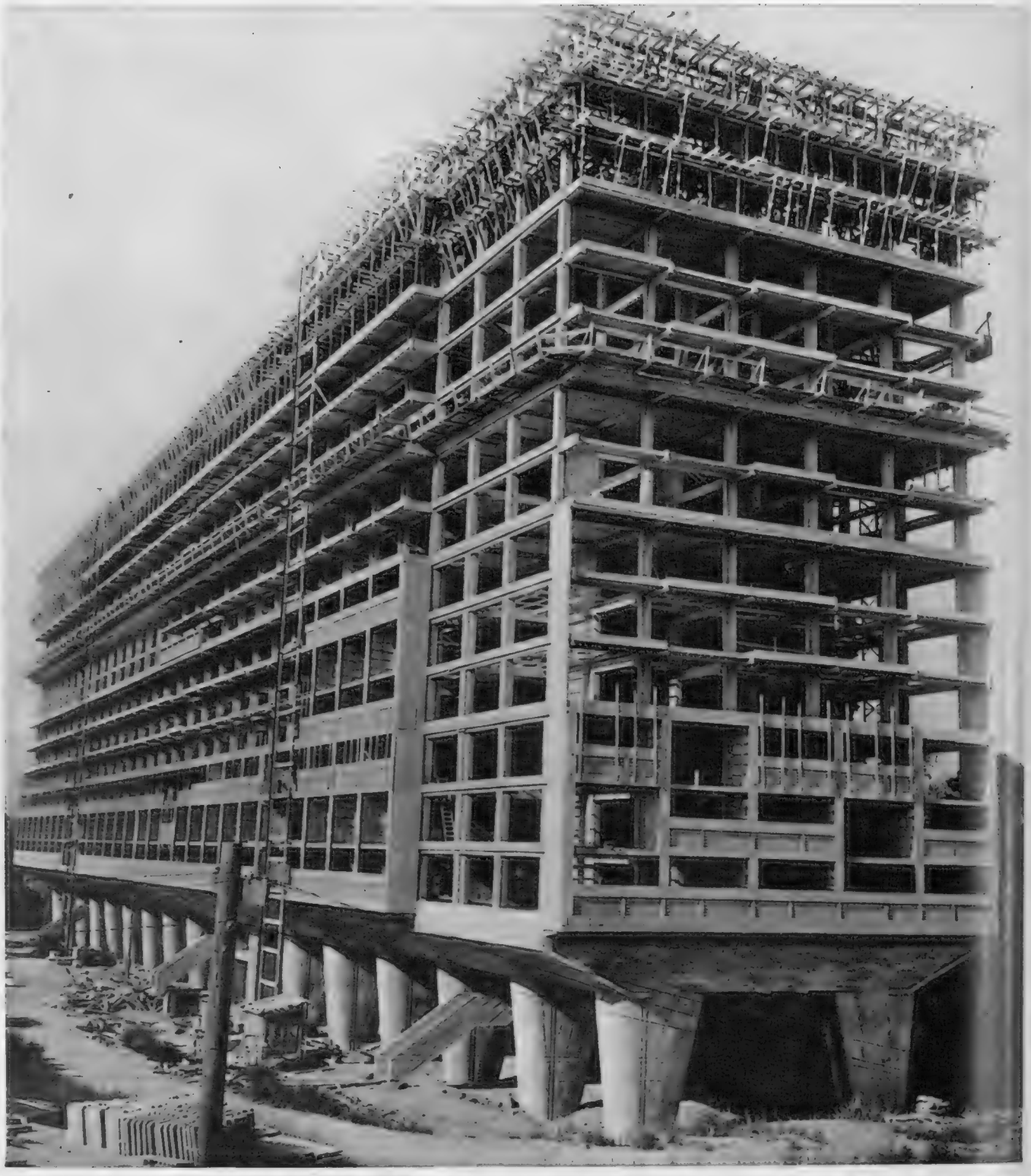
THE SACRED TREE IS BURNED: During the course of the first evening of the Eunoto ceremonies the olive-tree is set alight. Elders of the Masai guard the tree in relays until such time as only the ashes remain. The smoke from the olive-tree is supposed to bring good luck, and the women light their own fires from it

FLATS ON LEGS

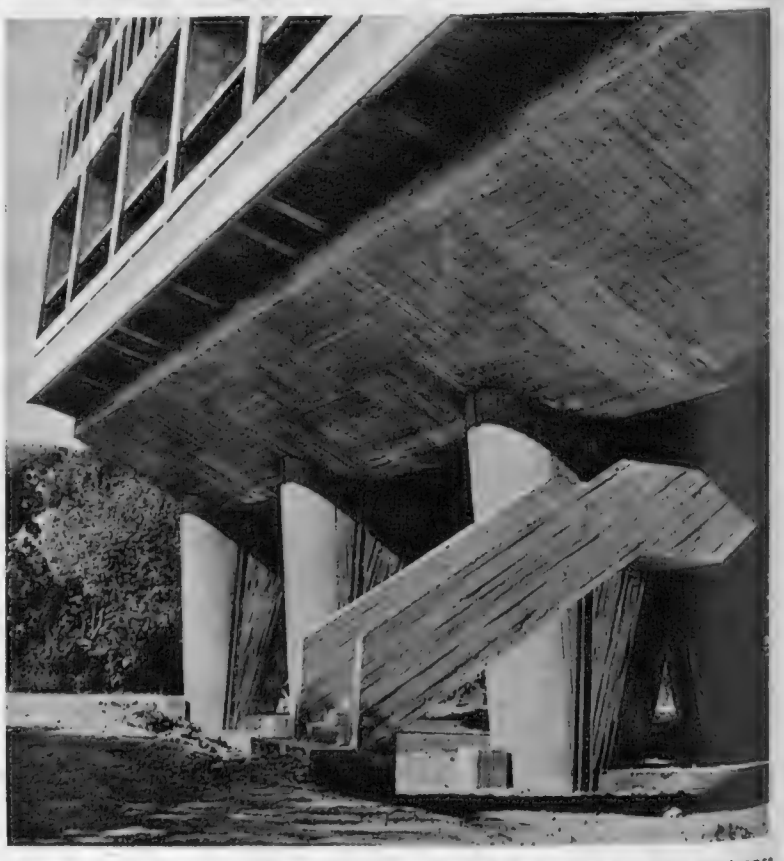
The Rise of "Le Corbusier" Block of Flats at Marseilles

THE FAÇADE OF "LE CORBUSIER" BLOCK AT MARSEILLES: A bas relief is adorning one of the lower balconies of the building

France is to have the first skyscraper without a ground floor, and it is hardly necessary to say that these flats on legs are the design of "Le Corbusier," her leading modern architect. The huge building, which was started in 1947, will be seventeen storeys high and it will have 330 flats accommodating approximately 2,000 tenants. The bas reliefs on the concrete façade are an unexpected feature of the design.



THE BLOCK OF FLATS WITHOUT A GROUND FLOOR: "Le Corbusier" block at Marseilles designed by the modernistic French architect after whom it is named, rests on a series of concrete legs. At the moment the concrete is being poured on the fourteenth storey of the building



THE BUILDING WHICH RESTS ON SIXTEEN PAIRS OF LEGS: *Left*—A view through the tunnel beneath "Le Corbusier" block. *Right*—One of the stairways giving entrance to the building from the roadway. One reason for the curious design is to enable air to circulate freely, an obvious asset in the sultry Bouches du Rhône

ABOVE THE NEW POWER STATION AT INVERUGLAS, ON THE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND: Stretching down the mountainside are the pipe-lines, which at 600 ft. enter a tunnel. This tunnel, two miles long and concrete-lined to prevent water-friction losses, will bring the water from the Loch Sloy reservoir. This is the first of the big series of power projects undertaken by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, and includes the construction of a dam at Loch Sloy, 1,160 ft. long

HARNESSING LOCH SLOY

The Progress of the First of the Great Scottish Hydro-Electric Schemes

Of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's many projects, that on the most heroic scale is its first, the Loch Sloy development. On paper the details are simple. A dam of 1,160 ft. in length is being built with a maximum height of 165 ft.; a system of open and closed cold-water aqueducts is being devised to feed additional water into the reservoir; a tunnel two miles long and 16 ft. in diameter has been driven under Ben Vorlich and is now being concrete-lined; and a power station is rising by Loch Lomond with a capacity of 120 000,000 units.

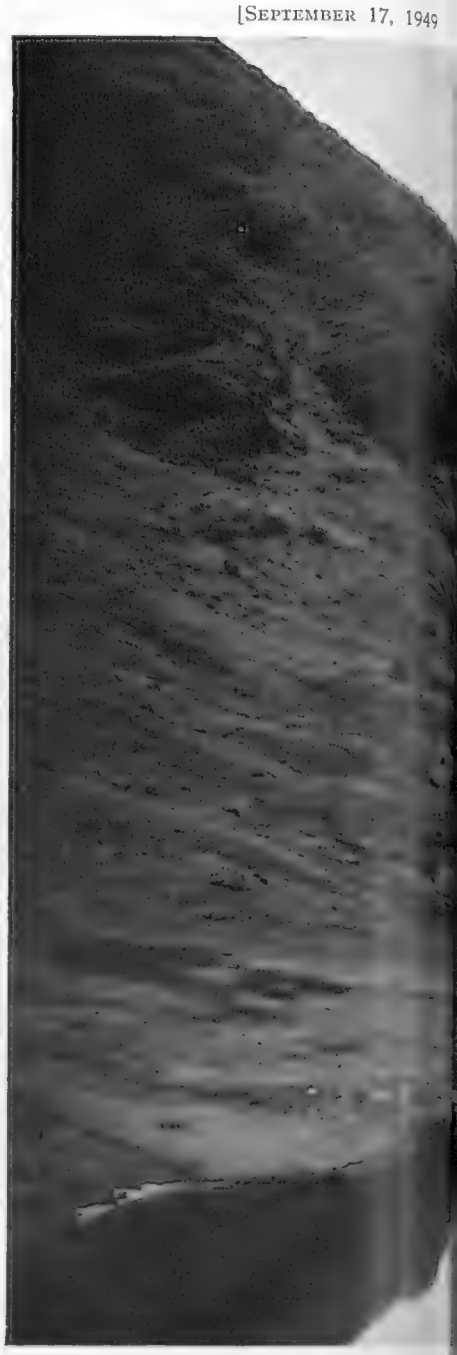
(Contd. on following page)

PIPE-LAYING ON THE "BONNIE BANKS": A crane putting pipes into position on the hillside above the Inveruglas Power Station, Loch Lomond. Through these pipe-lines will rush the water from Loch Sloy, feeding into the four vertical-shaft Francis turbo alternators, each having a maximum output of 32,500 kilowatts

OUTSIDE INVERUGLAS POWER STATION: Men engaged in examining the plans as they work on the great hydro-electric scheme now rapidly nearing completion. The 7-ft. pipes will carry the water to the turbines at the rate of 500,000 gallons a day. In the foreground are transformers

WHERE THE TUNNEL DIVIDES INTO TWO 10-FT. SECTIONS AFTER PASSING BENEATH BEN VORLICH: Through the concrete-lined tunnel the water will be taken from the dam at Loch Sloy and conveyed to the power station at Inveruglas, the final phase of the journey being by pipe-line. Cutting the tunnel through the solid rock has been a major engineering achievement. For two-and-a-half years men—mostly Poles—have been engaged in the task of boring. Last winter they met midway, and there were congratulations all round as the two parties eventually linked up

ONE OF THE TWIN OUTLETS OF THE BEN VORLICH TUNNEL: The water will leave the tunnel by way of 10-ft. diameter pipes, and it will then branch into 7-ft. diameter pipes before finally entering the power station on the banks of Loch Lomond at Inveruglas. It is hoped that the scheme will be in operation before the end of the year



HARNESSING LOCH SLOY

(*Continued from previous page*)

The task, however, is truly formidable, for the harn- ing of this power in the glens could not be started u 16 miles of road had been built through rugged co The roads had to be blasted through rock and ca over gullies.

Camps had to be established for workers on the sch and there is now accommodation for 1,700 men, "a co pany which," in the words of a Scottish journalist, "h added as generously to the heroic as to the rowdy leg of the neighbourhood."

The dam itself, now rising at the eastern end of L Sloy, is situated 900 ft. above Loch Lomond and i consuming no fewer than 220,000 cubic yards of concr amounting in all to about 550,000 tons in the state in wh it is poured.

In order to get stone for the aggregate, a quarry h had to be opened in a hollow on Ben Vane. Crushing a grading plants are set up near the quarry, and a conve belt carries the material over two miles of hill to the cem mixing plant set up at the foot of the dam. The cem itself is carried to the summit of the dam by cable

The dam, which in many ways will resemble the gr Norris Dam built by the Tennessee Valley Authority, reach a maximum height of 165 ft. The buttresses, on eastern face, are reared 90 ft. from the valley floor, this will be topped by yet more concrete.

The second great engineering feat involved in the L Sloy scheme is the two-mile tunnel through Ben Vorl There were the inevitable accidents during the tunnel just as there have been at Fannich, another North of Sc land Hydro-Electric Board scheme, where last Janu twenty-one men were injured by flying rock during blas operations in the 3½-mile-long tunnel.

The water will emerge from the Ben Vorlich tunnel two lines of electrically-welded steel pipes, 10 ft. in diame and it will then branch into four pipes each 7 ft. diameter. These four pipes, which may be sprayed w camouflage paint to blend with the countryside, enter power station on the banks of Loch Lomond at Inverug

The generating plant consists of four turbines dri alternators of 32,500 kw. each, and a 450-kw. Pelton wh for auxiliary supplies. The annual output is now estim at 120,000,000 units. The original estimate was 100,000 units, but this has now been increased by the decision build five aqueducts to collect the water of certain strea and pass it into Loch Sloy.

The switching station, which will tie Sloy to the Sc and Allt-na-Lairige schemes, is also taking shape rapi

LOCH SLOY AT ITS LOWEST SUMMER LEVEL—WITH THE COMPLETION OF THE GREAT CONCRETE DAM AT THE EASTERN END OF THE LOCH A RESERVOIR WILL BE CREATED TO HOLD 1,200,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER: The Loch Sloy district receives about 120 ins. of rain a year, and supplies will be further augmented by means of a system of open and closed cold-water aqueducts which will collect the waters of certain streams and divert them into the loch. Loch Sloy lies about 30 miles from Glasgow, and the power scheme is designed to meet the vastly increased electricity needs of the City of Glasgow and the industrial Lowlands

THE SWITCHING STATION NEAR LOCH LOMOND IS TUCKED AWAY IN A GLEN TO AVOID SPOILING THE VIEW: The pylons are made of aluminium, as it would have involved considerable expense hauling heavy steel girders into this remote area. From this switching station the power generated on Lomondside will be fed into the grid

HARNESSING LOCH SLOY

The Vast Dumbartonshire Dam Under Construction

550,000 TONS OF CONCRETE ARE BEING POURED INTO THIS MIGHTY WALL AT THE EASTERN END OF LOCH SLOY: The dam will be 165 ft. high, 1,160 ft. long, and it will form a reservoir holding 1,200,000,000 gallons of water, which will be conveyed to the power station by Loch Lomond at the rate of 220,000 tons per hour. In the left background is the conveyer belt which carries crushed rock from a quarry situated in a hollow on Ben Vane. Cement is taken to the dam by cableway

THE CONTROL SLUICE AT THE FOOT OF THE CENTRAL TOWER OF LOCH SLOY DAM: The engineers are experiencing difficulty in ensuring the preservation of the salmon. They fear that the fish may be swept through the inlets, and they are experimenting with electrical devices to keep them away from the sluice

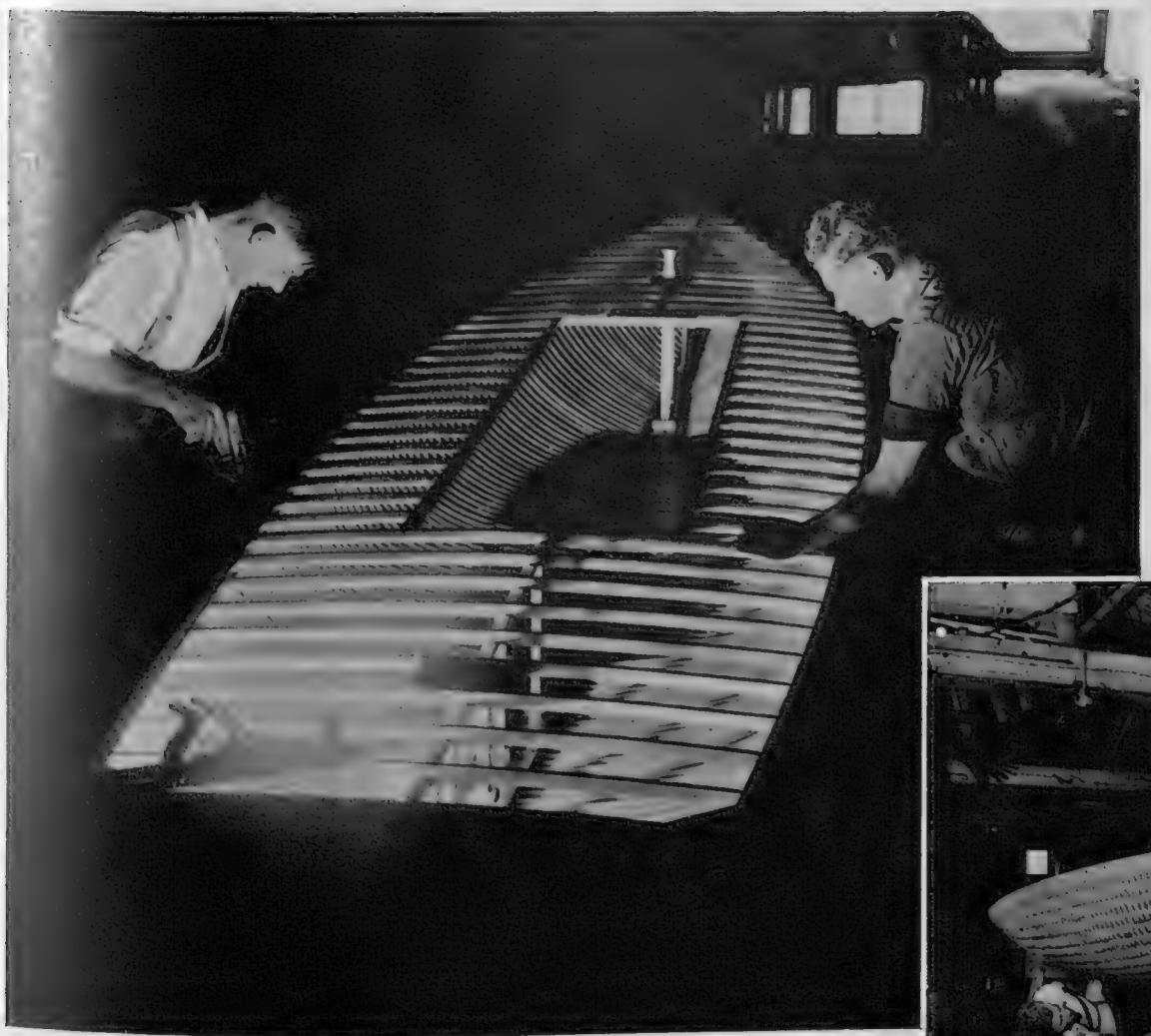
THE PROGRESS OF INSTALLATION AT THE INVERUGLAS POWER HOUSE: Three of the four Francis turbo alternators in various stages of assembly in the generating station on the banks of Loch Lomond. They will begin to turn over at the end of this year when water at a low level is taken from Loch Sloy

KING ON THE HULL OF A FLYING FIFTEEN: Sheering down and drilling for extra plank nails before putting on the deck beams of a Flying Fifteen, said to be the world's fastest small yacht, a model of which is being made by Cowes experts for the Duke of Edinburgh. On the left is the mould from which the hull is taken. The complete body when finished weighs only 275 lb. Uffa Fox, who designed the Flying Fifteen, is making the model for the Duke of Edinburgh

BUILDING THE FLYING FIFTEEN

Cowes Experts Combine to Produce a Wonder Yacht

Cowes experts are combining to produce a Flying Fifteen to present to the Duke of Edinburgh when he goes to Malta. Uffa Fox, designer of the Flying Fifteen, is building the boat. Chris Ratsey, who made sails for King George V, is making the mainsail, two jibs and spinnaker. Henry Bannister, aged sixty-five, world-known ropes and cordage expert, is contributing the mainsheet, jib sheet and warps. Ernest Rowe, famous block-maker, is providing the mainsheet blocks. Bert Guttridge, who makes keels for all the Flying Fifteens, is producing the fin keel, and Samuel Whites, the Isle of Wight warship builders, are seeing to the fittings.



FAIRING-IN THE DECK-BEAMS OF PRE-WAR SPRUCE IN A FLYING FIFTEEN: When this task is finished the hull is ready to receive the deck planking. *On right*—Mr. Uffa Fox, the designer, and Mr. J. F. Sinclair (on right of picture), the Mayor of Cowes, going over the plans of the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht. Beneath the hull craftsmen are applying varnish to each drilled hole before driving home the copper nails

THE GREAT HALL AT HAMPTON COURT, WHERE FOUR PERFORMANCES OF JOHN BLOW'S "VENUS AND ADONIS," THE FIRST ENGLISH OPERA, WERE GIVEN LAST WEEK : The performances marked the tercentenary of the birth of John Blow, who lived in Hampton Court and was organist to King Charles II. *Venus and Adonis*, described by Blow as "a masque for the entertainment of the King," was composed about the year 1682 for Mary Davis, the mistress of Charles II, who sang the part of Venus in its production before the King, that of Cupid being taken by her daughter, Lady Mary Tudor. Last week's performance was a joint effort by the London Opera Club in conjunction with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The Great Hall at Hampton Court was built by Henry VIII in 1531-33. It is 106 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 60 ft. high, and it closely resembles Wolsey's Hall at Christ Church, Oxford. The King's Company of Actors, of which Shakespeare was a member, gave six performances in the Great Hall at Christmastide 1603 in the presence of the assembled Court

On right—**ERECTING THE STAGE IN THE GREAT HALL AT HAMPTON COURT : Carpenters preparing for the presentation of John Blow's "Venus and Adonis."** The richly-decorated hammer-beam roof, of the single hammer-beam type, is the finest example of its period. It has suffered from the ravages of the death-watch beetle, but its repair was completed in 1928. The walls are hung with eight tapestries representing the History of Abraham and executed in Brussels not long before 1548 from the designs of Bernard van Orley. A stone slab placed in the middle of the floor of the Great Hall marks the site of the open hearth

HAMPTON COURT PUTS BACK THE CLOCK

And Again Presents John Blow's *Venus and Adonis*

The Future of London Stone : The Monster of Whitehall

THE LONDON STONE, A FAMED RELIC BUI INTO THE SOUTH WALL OF ST. SWITHIN CHURCH, CANNON STREET : As St. Swithi may be demolished under the scheme f the reorganisation of the City church the question now arises, what will ha pen to the Stone ? The historian Cam believed that this relic was a Roman milest "A fair Gospel book" given to Canterbury Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, refer the Stone, and Shakespeare mentions it *King Henry VI.* In 1450 Jack Cade, w entered London with other rebels from Ke struck the Stone with his sword to indic as he declared, that it made him Lord of t City. At some date between 1687 and 17 the remains of the Stone were encased preservation. Standing in the centre the road, it obstructed traffic, and 1742 the vestry of St. Swithin, as the lo authority, had it removed to a place ag the church, and in 1798 to its pres position, situated just above the pavement le

THE BLITZED CHURCH OF ST. SWITHIN, CANNON STREET, WHICH WILL PROBABLY NOT BE REBUILT: The London Stone lies behind the grille just above pavement level, and, in the event of St. Swithin's being demolished, a new home for the London Stone will have to be found. The church was rebuilt by Wren during 1677-87

THE LAW IN SPLINTS—GRAY'S INN, ONCE THE GRANDEST OF THE FOUR INNS OF COURT—THE LEGAL UNIVERSITY OF ENGLAND—BUT SADLY DAMAGED IN THE LAST-WAR RAIDS, IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION EXPERTS: Scaffolding surrounds the legal chambers and the Elizabethan Hall, which, as this picture shows, is now a shell, having lost its magnificent oak hammer-beam roof in the bombing. The Hall is being carefully restored from a set of drawings, prepared for just such an eventuality in the 1914-18 War, but it will not be until the end of 1950 that the beams and brackets will be in place to support the new roof. For centuries the Hall has been the pride of Gray's Inn. In it Benchers and students held their masques and revels—the last recorded in 1773—that drew from diarist Evelyn the comment on an old and riotous custom that had "relation to neither virtue nor policy." There, too, it was said, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was first performed, and unsupported legend says the Bard himself played in the Hall. The Inn was old when Francis Bacon, philosopher, statesman and perhaps its most famous Bencher, came there to study in 1576 at the tender age of fifteen

THE WHITEHALL MONSTER CONTINUES TO MAKE PROGRESS: The vast new Government buildings, occupying the former site of the Palace of Whitehall, will be ready for occupation in the New Year. This view shows the west side of the building, which adjoins the Tudor Banqueting Hall, which is seen on the right. The Banqueting Hall is almost the only relic of Whitehall Palace. It was the first building in this country to be erected on purely Palladian lines, being built by Inigo Jones in 1619-22

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE BIGGEST WATER-POWER TUNNEL IN BRITAIN: Another stage in the Tummel-Garry scheme is reached with the break-through in the Clunie tunnel, near Pitlochry. *On left*—**The Clunie dam from which water will flow to the generating station below the Falls of Tummel. The concrete structure on the right encloses the entrance to the two-mile tunnel which was cleared.** *On right*—**After blasting the last section of intervening rock, the "tunnel tigers" shake hands across a heap of rubble.**

The Clunie Dam will, when completed, raise the level of Loch Tummel by 17 ft. The dam and the new tunnel form an important section of the Tummel-Garry scheme which embraces a dam and built-in power station at Pitlochry and another at Errochty. The Clunie tunnel, driven through the heart of Cammoch Hill, is 1⅞ miles long and the biggest water-power tunnel in Britain. It has taken three years to drill it through solid rock. 700 lb. of explosives were used in the final blast. The tunnel is horseshoe in section and when fully working 2,700,000,000 gallons will pass through it daily. Progress on the first of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's schemes at Loch Sloy is recorded on pages 413-416 of this issue.

THE LARGEST TRANSFORMER YET EXPORTED FOR DOLLARS: The Port of London's mammoth floating crane lifts the giant transformer for loading on the S.S. "Beaverdell." The first of two 60,000-k.v.a. (80,000-h.p.) transformers—a major transatlantic shipment of British electrical plant valued at over 250,000 dollars—was loaded by mammoth crane aboard the s.s. *Beaverdell* at Victoria Docks, London, for shipment to Canada. These transformers—among the largest ever exported from Great Britain—will be used for service of the Shawinigan electric power station at Shawinigan Falls, Province of Quebec. The transformer weighs nearly 70 tons stripped for transport and 111 tons when installed, with an overall height of 26 ft., and transforms from 125,000 to 66,000 volts

A DEMONSTRATION OF KAYAK-ROLLING AT THE BISHAM ABBEY "RIVER SCHOOL": Mr. J. Dudderidge, honorary secretary of the British Canoe Union, shows pupils how it is done. Forty boys and girls between sixteen and eighteen spent a week at an unusual school on the Thames, near Marlow. From a staff team of experts, they learn boatmanship and rivercraft. The school is at Bisham Abbey, a thirteenth-century mansion on the banks of the Thames, where the course, the first of its kind, has been organised by the Central Council of Physical Recreation. The pupils pay £4 10s. for the week's tuition, board and residence. For at least three hours every day they receive individual tuition in handling their craft. Coaching in tennis or athletics and films on boating take up much of the rest of their day. Boats at their disposal include twelve kayaks, two Canadian canoes, several "tubs" on loan from Eton, and an outrigger lent by Miss P. Vansittart Neale, who in 1946 placed the Abbey at the disposal of the Council.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A SEVEN-METRE YACHT: Two young adventurers reach London from Stockholm on the first leg of a world cruise. Jan Paltins, a bookkeeper, and Ernest Karulis, a radio engineer, have given up their jobs in favour of a sailing trip round the world. They arrived at the Pool of London in their seven-metre coasting yacht *Polaris* after a North Sea crossing from the Swedish capital. After taking on stores, they plan to sail for France or Spain, the Canaries and, if conditions are good, cross to America or Canada. They may also attempt to sail across the Pacific to China and the

A SCHOOL FOR ROYAL NAVAL DEFENCE: *On left*—**Constructor Commander L. W. A. Rainer demonstrates with a model of the "Saumarez" at the Royal Naval Defence School at Stamshaw. The model is fitted with tanks and seacocks and can be sunk and refloated.** *On right*—**Inspecting a model of a modern destroyer, which is built in sections to show the layout, are (left to right) Lieutenant B. S. Rekhi, of Delhi; Sub-Lieutenant H. B. Alden, of Portchester (Hants); Commander H. F. Atkins (Bath); Lieut.-Commander Sir William Blunden (County Wexford, Dublin); Sub-Lieutenant W. Williams (Portsmouth); and Sub-Lieutenant F. White, of Lee-on-Solent**

H.M.S. *Phœnix* is the name which has been given to the Royal Naval Defence School at Stamshaw, near Portsmouth, which is under the command of Captain C. W. Greening, D.S.C., R.N. The Damage Control and Fire-Fighting Training Schools of the Royal Navy have just been amalgamated with the Chemical Warfare Training Establishment into the School, the object of which is to keep ships floating, moving and fighting after they have been damaged by enemy action. Wartime experience emphasised the need for greater attention to the defensive aspect of fighting a ship and at the School instruction is given in such things as fire-fighting, leak-stopping and shoring damaged bulkheads. Models are used in connection with stability problems.

WOODCOCK AND SAVOLD MEET: Signing the contract in Jack Solomons' office for the world title fight. Left to right are—Bruce Woodcock, Lee Savold, Jack Solomons and Bill Daly, Savold's manager. Had everything gone according to plan, Britain's Bruce Woodcock and America's Lee Savold would have weighed-in for their heavyweight championship of the world fight last week when it was scheduled to take place at the White City. Instead, the two boxers were in promoter Jack Solomons' office in London, signing contracts for the fight which is now expected to be staged in May of next year

THE BELLS OF ALL-HALLOWS CHIME AGAIN: Mr. J. W. McConnell, president of the "Montreal Star," listens to the new bells, bought by his gift of £5,000. Hearing that the church of All-Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, had been badly damaged in the war, the celebrated Canadian newspaper-man made his generous gift which has been used to buy a chime of eighteen keyboard-operated bells. Mr. McConnell stands in the centre with his wife. On the left is Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, C.-in-C., Coastal Command, and, on the right, Lady Bowhill and another friend of Mr. McConnell's, the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton, Vicar of All-Hallows and founder of Toc H

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL: Sir Percy Hull is seen conducting at the opening service. He is to retire in November after thirty-one years as conductor to the Festival and organist and choirmaster to the Cathedral, where he was once a choir-boy. The Festival began with a full measure of concerts. On the first day, two oratorios, a cantata and two symphonies were performed in the Cathedral. Sir Percy Hull, whose influence has been considerable upon the Festival, has decided to retire after this year. It is he who has maintained the Elgar tradition which has been so prominent a feature of the Festivals. Soloists this year included Isobel Baillie, Astra Desmond, Eric Greene and Gordon Clinton

ADVENTURES OF THE ELGIN MARBLES

A Story Full of Drama, Comedy and Frustration

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE story of the Elgin Marbles, now back in the British Museum after many years of hiding underground near Aldwych Tube Station, is full of drama, comedy and frustration. Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, was educated at Harrow, Westminster, St. Andrew's and Paris. He entered the Army in 1785 and, without a single day of active military service in spite of the Napoleonic Wars, reached the rank of Major-General. In the meantime he joined the Diplomatic Service, serving in Brussels and Berlin before being appointed Ambassador to Turkey in 1799.

It was then that he decided to interest himself in antiquities, particularly those in Athens, as a result of conversations with a Scottish architect named Harrison, who had spent much of his life in Rome. Harrison suggested that the best thing to do would be to secure actual casts from the Acropolis. Lord Elgin forwarded the suggestion to the Prime Minister, who informed him, however, that the Government "were not interested." Lord Elgin nevertheless approached J. M. W. Turner, then aged twenty-four, with a view to his joining him in the enterprise. Turner asked for £800 a year, his expenses and permission to keep some of his own drawings. Lord Elgin decided that he was too expensive and waited until he got abroad to hire a draughtsman, architect and moulders to copy any sculptures which might be accessible. He did, however, appoint William Richard Hamilton as his private secretary, and it was largely due to the latter that the Marbles were finally secured. The draughtsman ultimately hired by Lord Elgin was Giovanni Lusieri, whom he found in Sicily on his way to Turkey. But months elapsed before he and Hamilton were able to sail for Constantinople and thence to Athens.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF ELGIN: When Ambassador to the Porte he brought from Greece the famous Marbles, which were placed in the British Museum in 1816. He bargained for a big price for many years

The Greek capital in those days was a small, squalid town with only 1,300 houses, of which 400 were occupied by the Turks. There were no hotels, not even a tavern. Even the houses were miserable mud-huts entirely surrounded by a 10-ft. wall built by the Turks to protect them from pirates and bandits. The Governor was a nominee of the Kisler Aga, the Sultan of Turkey's chief black eunuch, who demanded not less than five guineas a day apiece as a fee for permitting Lord Elgin's draughtsman, architect and moulders to visit the Acropolis.

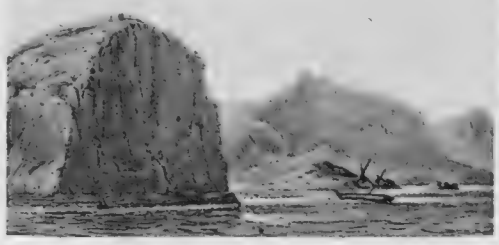
The Parthenon was a mosque, having previously been the Church of the Virgin Mary. As for the Erechtheum, it was occupied by the Commandant of the garrison. The Temple of Wingless Victory had been pulled down and its foundations incorporated in the Turkish works used to resist the disastrous Venetian attack in 1687, when the powder magazine blew up and destroyed so much of this classic temple.

Months passed by with Lord Elgin carrying out his ambassadorial duties in Constantinople and his artists merely acting as copyists in Athens. At least, however, they took exact measurements and made a number of drawings. For two years they carried on in this way, and it never occurred to Lord Elgin actually to collect and remove the Marbles.

But when at last he learnt that the Turks were continually defacing the statues, even pounding them down to convert them into mortar, he applied to the Sultan for permission to remove some of the sculptures or inscriptions which did not interfere with the military fortifications. One can imagine Lord Elgin's gratification when this permission was granted, together with a promise that his team of artists should not be prevented from fixing scaffolding around "the ancient Temple of the Idols" or taking away any pieces of stone with inscriptions or figures. That was the operative phrase, of course. The delivery of the vital document granting this privilege was entrusted to the care of a Dr. Philip Hunt, who reached Athens after an adventurous journey in 1802.

Only then did the real work of collecting begin. Within a week the inscriptions on the Acropolis were collected. The caryatid porch over the Erechtheum was cleared of rubble and a block of the cornice taken down. Two days later a ship's carpenter and five sailors mounted the walls of the Temple of Minerva and, by means of windlasses, cordage and twenty Greeks, succeeded in detaching and lowering one of the statues representing a combat between Theseus and a centaur. "When I saw those beautiful statues hanging in the air I was seized with a trembling and palpitation which only ceased when they arrived safely to the ground," wrote Dr. Philip Hunt to Lord Elgin. Excavations of great importance were also begun at the western end of the Temple. To do this the house of a Turk had to be bought and demolished before the torso of Jupiter and the greater part of the Statue of Victory could be extracted.

Even when the statues had been removed it was no simple matter to get them carted all the way to the harbour of Piræus, and even when that was done it was no simple matter to find a ship capable of moving them to safety. The first antiquities from Athens were shipped to Alexandria by a local brig and then transhipped to England in the *Madras*. Further shiploads were sent by the *Mentor*, the *Diana*, the *Mutine* and the *Ann*. The *Mentor*, unfortunately, was wrecked on her third journey off the Greek island of Cerigo. Her cargo contained several sections of the Parthenon frieze and four reliefs of the Temple of Victory. Over two years elapsed before they were salvaged and brought to England through the intervention of Lord Nelson.

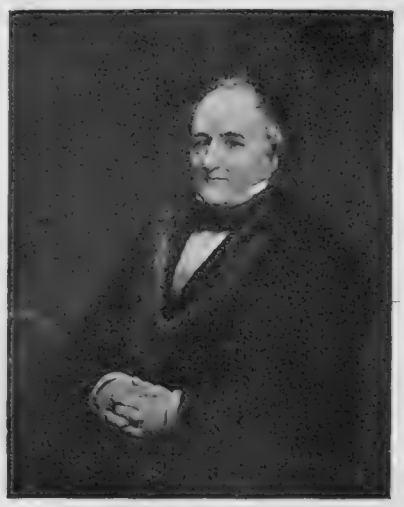


THE WRECK OF THE "CAMBRIAN": The 48-gun frigate was lost on January 31, 1828, and went down so quickly that not even the ship's log or the muster-book could be saved. On board were the valued drawings of Lusieri, Lord Elgin's principal agent in the protracted deal over the Marbles. (*Reproduced from the Journal of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, January 3, 1917*)

In the meantime, Russia had declared war on Turkey and a British fleet also demonstrated against the Turks. Worse still, Lord Elgin, on his attempt to return to England, was in Paris when Napoleon decreed that all Englishmen between the ages of eighteen and sixty should be made prisoners of war. Lord Elgin was therefore arrested and kept in France for three years. The trials and tribulations which beset Lusieri, Hunt and Hamilton continued through this troublesome epoch of European history. Disease was rife in the Near East and all of them suffered.

In spite of everything, more shiploads of the unique Marbles were transported to Malta and from there to England. Altogether the shipment of the antiquities continued spasmodically over a period of twelve years. One can imagine the embarrassment of Lord Elgin's mother on one occasion when she was informed that a single ship had arrived from Malta with fifty cases of Marbles weighing 120 tons and was asked where to send them.

At first they, like the others, were stored in the Duchess of Portland's house in Privy Gardens, Westminster, and then moved to the Duke of Richmond's town house, all unopened. When Lord Elgin was finally released he chose a house on the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly, now rebuilt and known as Gloucester House. Four years later they were removed to Old Burlington House, but not before the public was allowed to see them on Saturdays and Sundays. By 1811 Lord Elgin was feeling very impoverished and negotiations were opened with the Government to buy the whole collection—Marbles, vases, drawings and casts. Lord Elgin put a value of £62,440 on them, including interest for fourteen years at 5 per cent., and his own expenses in London. The Prime Minister, Mr. Spencer Perceval, suggested that they were not worth more than £30,000. Various experts were called in to assess their value. Negotiations were protracted; Spencer Perceval was assassinated and the Battle of Waterloo approached. Even during this momentous period Lord Elgin was solely interested in securing a higher price for his collection, as a long letter dated June 1815 shows, and while news of the Duke of Wellington's victory was anxiously awaited he was still insisting on £50,000 as his price.



WILLIAM RICHARD HAMILTON: He was Lord Elgin's secretary when the latter was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople and was of service in helping Elgin to collect the Marbles. When some of the Marbles were lost at sea he set divers to work

A year later the House of Commons debated the question of paying him a sum not exceeding £35,000. Various Members spoke for and against the motion. One M.P. said he would oppose the motion because of the dishonesty of the transaction by which the collection was obtained, and suggested that Lord Elgin should be given £25,000 to return the Marbles to the places from which they were taken when the inhabitants of Athens demanded them.

To-day there is once again talk of returning the Marbles to Athens. The truth is that if they had not been brought to England by Lord Elgin they would almost all have disappeared by now. The west pediment of the Parthenon had contained twenty human figures and two colossal horses up to 1687. There were twelve figures left in 1749, four in 1800, and only three to-day. Outside the Acropolis an Ionic temple had altogether disappeared a few years before Lord Elgin appeared on the scene. The local authorities took no intelligent interest in their preservation and the processes of continuous deterioration did not, in fact, cease after the time of Lord Elgin. There was every justification, therefore, for removing the sculptures to preserve them.

Lord Elgin was really just in time, and it is due to him that the whole view of ancient art is permanently modified and corrected. Thanks to his bank account, the Government was able to put them on show to the whole world in the British Museum, where they were placed in a temporary gallery until a special Elgin room could be prepared for their reception. But the more one reads the inner history of their preservation, the more one realises that they should be called not the Elgin Marbles, but the "Hamilton-Lusieri-Hunt Marbles." For these were the three men who really did all the work.

A SECTION OF THE NORTH FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON: One of the finest sections of the Elgin Marbles which, during the Second World War, were stored in Aldwych Underground Station. Elgin paid £74,000 to preserve the Marbles from destruction, and he received £35,000 from a "grateful" Government after protracted negotiations

A LEGACY OF GREECE: One of the Elgin plaques representing the fight between the Lapiths and the Centaurs

IN THE CORNISH JUNGLE: Bamboo canes growing at Lanivet, Cornwall, where the well-ordered groves cover an area of twenty-five acres, providing the raw material for a thriving and fast-developing export industry. The canes in the foreground are of seven years' standing. After one year they reach maximum size

BRITAIN GROWS CANES AND TEAZELS

Two Unusual Crops in the West Country

Consult any dictionary under Bamboo (*arundinacea*), and its chief places of growth will be given as East India, China, Japan, and Malaya. It will usually be noted also that bamboo will grow in the British Isles. At Lanivet, near Bodmin, there is indeed a bamboo jungle, and there Mr. F. T. Nettleinghame is proving most successful, as one local wit has said, "in raising cane." On the outbreak of the war, Mr. Nettleinghame began to cultivate canes, and to-day he has well-ordered groves laid out over his twenty-five acres. The groves contain six different species, most of which have been grown as root stock. The bamboo is a gregarious flowering plant, flowering approximately every fifty years, which makes its seed difficult to obtain. The first canes are ready for cutting after a year's growth, but are being cut only in cycles of seven years, as this method allows the root stock to strengthen. The cane reaches its maximum size in one year, after which it will not increase in size at all. Before the war China was the main source of supply of bamboo canes, but to-day this source is diminishing.

GATHERING TEAZELS ON A GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARM: Mr. H. Derrick, of Elmstone Hardwick, and his wife working on the bumper harvest

CORNISH CANE IS PUT UP TO DRY: While laid out in this manner the cane acquires a golden yellow colour. Cornish canes are now being supplied to many European markets, including Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and Finland. Australia is another buyer

The teazel, which is a half-herbacious and half-shrubby exogenous plant, has been used from the earliest days in the woollen mills of the industrial north as a means of raising the nap on cloth. No mechanical contrivance has yet been found to equal it, the hooked points and the elasticity of the bracts being admirably adapted for the task. The plant thrives mostly on the Continent, but Somerset, Gloucestershire and Yorkshire all have their teazel harvests. The seed is sown in March and the heads are ready to be cut during August of the following year.

On left—A LUG OF WEST COUNTRY TEAZELS READY FOR DRYING: After gathering, the teazel heads are always tied to poles in this fashion

DESHEATHING THE CANES: A girl worker in the drying yards at Lanivet, near Bodmin

THE MASTER OF LANIVET: Mr. F. T. Nettleinghame examining cane on his property

New Lamps and Old

WHO WAS JANE'S CONFIDANTE?

Letters May Still Exist Between Jane Austen and Mrs. Barrett

By JOHN GORE

JANE AUSTEN: What Do We *Know* of Her?—We have had many great figures in English literature, and those of them whose work had the greatest influence on it have been the subject of innumerable books. A public library would be required to contain all that has been written about Shakespeare, Johnson, Scott, Byron and Jane Austen. But, to take these five haphazard, we instantly observe a remarkable difference between the evidence collected concerning the first and the last and concerning the other three.

Biographical certainties concerning Shakespeare remain to-day practically non-existent—for even the half-dozen documents which bear his name or signature are not proof positive; and as regards Jane Austen and Shakespeare alike, they remain for us "incurable amateurs" in a very important respect—still, after infinite research, we know almost nothing about their own views and preferences of their own work, or whether or no they were in their lifetime fully conscious of their outstanding merits. Johnson, Scott and Byron, late or soon, enjoyed in life the fullest measure of public admiration or acknowledgment, and with it full consciousness of their own worth. As Panjandrum, Wizard and Young Enchanted, they wore their laurels in their lifetime and left nothing important to be laid on their graves.

Shakespeare (for all we *know*; for the shrewdest guesses and interpretations from his text are only guesses) died unaware of his supreme immortality, and Jane Austen—"the poor young lady" to the Chawton villagers—only very rarely, and with infinite modesty, referred to her work in her published letters, which, as family letters usually are, are chiefly concerned with family news and gossip of a very trivial kind.

Simplicity is the keynote of greatness, and it is usually the second-rate who pontificate in their private correspondence with an eye on posterity. But for a critical and worshipping posterity her surviving letters are meagre, jejune and disappointing. There is nothing so important for the literary critic as some clues to an author's judgment of the merits of his work, and as regards Jane Austen—our present subject—there is little enough to come by. We do not know which novel she preferred, except by vague inference. Two of them saw the light only after her death. The unqualified praise of her great contemporaries was confided to their journals, dropped in conversation or published after her death. She had tasted the praise of her family and friends and the flattery of the Regent's stupid Librarian. But of first-rate criticism very little. Her letters to her brother Henry, the most likely source of information, are written off as lost. But when in July last Chawton Cottage (in which she lived the last few years of her life and in which she wrote or perfected all her published novels save only *Northanger*) was opened as a museum, in the course of a series of quite admirable speeches, Dr. R. W. Chapman (who knows all there is to know about her) dropped a hint which is so well worth following up that the resources of this country should be rallied to the hunt.

Who Was Mrs. Barrett?—There was reason, he told us, to believe that Jane Austen had one female friend at least to whom she sometimes *professionally* opened her heart concerning her work, but the identity of that friend is nowhere revealed in her known correspondence. The discovery of this confidante came about in this way: When Mr. Austen-Leigh, her first biographer, was engaged in 1867 in collecting material for his work, he received a letter from Dean Boyle—I think from Kidderminster, but there is nothing unsubstantial about the Dean—in which he made known that he had in former years had conversations with an intimate friend of Jane's, a Mrs. Barrett, and that this friend had handed on to him verbally one or two vivid and quite important sidelights on Jane as critic of her own work, one at least of which suggested that she was not unaware of its merits and of her own creative genius. She was "much too proud of her creations" to let pass any charge of "borrowing" her characters from among her acquaintance. Another sidelight revealed her own preferences among her young men characters. These were tantalising morsels at a Barmecide's feast, and the Dean unfortunately could give very little information about Mrs. Barrett. He had reason to believe that she was born either an Edwards or a Turner, and that is all he could tell. [And I admit I only *heard* Dr. Chapman pronounce these surnames, and my ears are not trustworthy.] Neither name occurs in the letters. It is a fair assumption that Mrs. Barrett lived before marriage in those parts of Hampshire that knew Jane, that is, in the Basingstoke-Alton area, and that her marriage to Barrett would probably have taken place between 1817 and 1830. She [may, of course, have been "picked up" at Bath or Southampton, but Steventon or Alton is a more likely covert. There is little enough to go on, but sufficient scent for a hunt among the parish registers in those parts of Hampshire. If she was not a "walking-distance" neighbour at Steventon or Chawton, the odds are that Jane corresponded with her, and it is by no means certain that some of those letters may not still survive. Even in her lifetime Jane was a "somebody" to her friends, and she died at a time when the letters of dear or important friends were still "laid up in lavender." The possibilities are truly fascinating.

The Boswell papers, brought to light in Scottish and Irish muniment rooms, stand as a modern *locus classicus* for the *indifference* of this nation to its family archives. But nothing can be done in the search for new letters until the identity of Mrs. Barrett can be established, with the locality in which she passed her married life and died.

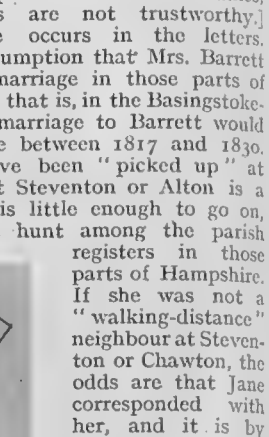
But many a reader will regard such research as very small game. What does it matter? We have her books, we can judge them on their merits, we can read them for profit and pleasure. There is a school of critic which utterly despises the literary midden-raker, the Andrew Lang sleuth, the collector of relics and footnotes to history.

And assuredly relics and museums can be bogus and lifeless, and desolatingly dusty and unprofitable to a degree. Literary research needs to be kept within bounds of reason and sense and relevance, and personal relics are sometimes as unwholesome as those in the Scotland Yard Crimes Museum. Undoubtedly a sense of proportion must be maintained if data so collected are to have their proper value, and they must not be used to substantiate a pet theory. But knowledge is a relevant form of research, and there is more to be gained from a *personal interview* than from a library of third-hand theory. We need not be ashamed of our pining for "the touch of a vanished hand or the sound of a voice that is still," if that hand could proffer or that voice convey a single grain of new knowledge concerning Miss Austen.

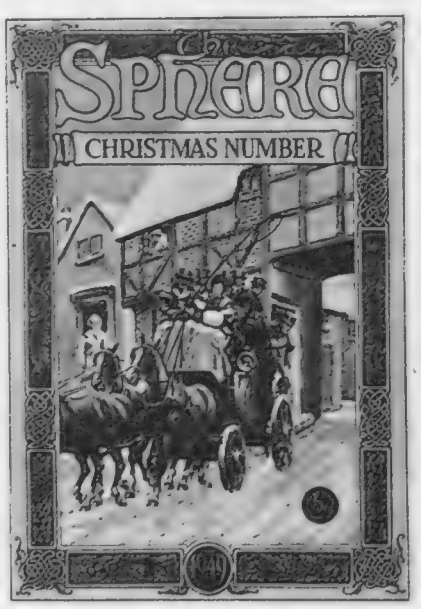
From Scott to George Moore, and increasingly and continuously, men and women writers and critics have taken her as a portent and pioneer in literature. And that is the reason why I for one would be overjoyed if local research could even identify this confidante with a little more certainty.

LEICESTERSHIRE'S LAST WINDMILL: The post mill at Sproxton, near Melton Mowbray, was damaged by a gale in 1916, but was repaired and worked again for several years. For the last few years it has not worked, but was preserved in its original condition until it was demolished after endangering an adjoining cottage. In the whole of Leicestershire there is now no mill left which is driven by wind power

REPAIRING AN ESSEX WINDMILL: Upminster Mill, which is to be put into working order after fifty years of disuse. The Upminster Windmill Committee hope to restore the eighteenth-century smock mill to its old usefulness after nearly fifty years. Last month a team of art students from the South-East Essex Technical College helped in the restoration. It is estimated that the work will cost £850 and a committee of administration has been formed. Essex County Planning Committee is interested in the project



JANE AUSTEN: The only known portrait of Jane is by her sister, Cassandra. The original is in the National Portrait Gallery. In THE SPHERE Christmas Number, reference to which appears on the left, are excerpts from Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, dealing with the rehearsal of the play *Lovers' Vows* which caused such alarming diversion among the Bertram family and their friends



"THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER—the first since the war—will be published on November 17. It contains a number of fine reproductions in colour, the work of old masters and of leading present-day painters and illustrators. Special sections are devoted to flower paintings and to a selection of pictures from the new National Gallery of Sports and Pastimes at Hutchinson House. In the centre of the magazine is a reproduction of one of Pieter Bruegel's most celebrated pictures—"The Netherlands Proverbs." Stories and articles are contributed by Stella Gibbons and John Gore. Two stories by celebrated Victorian writers have been revived—*The Holly Tree*, by Charles Dickens, and *Angels' Music*, by Mrs. Henry Wood; and there is an illustrated section of the delightful amateur theatrical episode in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*.

Copies of THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER *can be ordered through any railway bookstall or newsagent or from The Publisher,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, price 3s. By post, 3s. 3d., anywhere.*

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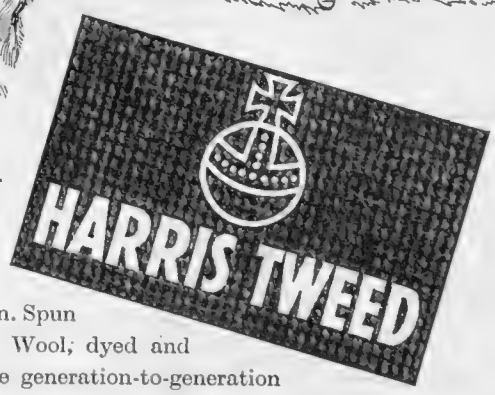

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VARIETY AMONG THE NEW NOVELS

Martin Boyd has the Suavity of Maugham: Mabel Tyrrell's Romance, "The White Stream"

THERE is a good deal of the suavity of Somerset Maugham's writing in Mr. Martin Boyd's new novel, SUCH PLEASURE (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.), but there is also the author's own quality of story-telling and the evocative power by which he succeeds in picturing a room or a countryside or just a woman's dress. And better than all these, he is able to evoke the feeling of a period. I enjoyed this novel thoroughly, and would like to recommend it to you as a book for leisurely and somehow comfortable reading. This is *par excellence* a novel of character, but that does not mean that it is a novel without a plot. On the contrary, there is a well-conceived story line, but it grows naturally, or seems to, since there is considerable art to this naturalness, out of the exposition of the heroine's character. Bridget is shown from her early childhood to her extreme old age, through a diversity of situations and circumstances, and through as great a number of changes in her own disposition. Only one thing in her remains immutable, and that is her ambition. Bridget is the illegitimate daughter of an Irish peer, and after the death of her mother she is brought up by her father at his fantastic old castle in Ireland where, to his amusement, she reigns over a flock of undisciplined servants, rides her horse courageously and sometimes wilfully, and at her father's orders is given the style of an earl's daughter. When the eccentric old man dies, however, in fumes of port and braggadocio, Bridget is turned out by the new earl, and obliged to make a new home and a new life with her mother's sister, who is married to a draper in a small Bedfordshire town. The change is brutally complete, and since to Bridget's naturally aristocratic manner is added her insistence on her own distinction, she is naturally as unhappy as a girl of sixteen may imagine herself to be. Her life, though, to her last day, is to be one of surprising changes of fortune, and soon she is adopted by a rich woman of the neighbourhood, who sees her as a romantic figure and attempts to give her a more suitable environment. Bridget's reaction to this, as to all the material alterations in her life, is unpredictable, and only her burning and constant desire to get back to the way of life which she considers as her due, remains the same throughout her life, which is to be darkened and distorted by it. The charm and urbanity of Mr. Boyd's writing, and the gentleness of his wit, only underline the central fact that this is the story of a human tragedy, told with dignity and understanding.

Miss Mabel L. Tyrrell's romance, THE WHITE STREAM (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.), is written in a very different mood. It is the story of a rich nobleman who, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, sets out on a pilgrimage, a penitential journey, in the course of which he hopes not only to atone for a crime but to discover some meaning in life. Roger Gowerland has been married twice and the son of his first marriage is growing to manhood in Italy, while he lives with his handsome shrew of a wife in his great house in Warwickshire. One night when he is half-crazed with her nagging, he pushes her into a deep pool, where she drowns. Although he is never suspected of her murder, his conscience accuses him, and he sets out to walk across England without a penny in his pocket, surviving or failing by his own efforts, till he shall have found some peace of mind. His wanderings take him to a sordid little village near the growing town of Birmingham, and here he settles down in a bitterly poor community of nail-makers, to learn the hard trade and to live by his own hands. Here also he meets a young woman of strange beauty, who brings him the answer to his quest. The squalor, violence and poverty, and the danger and insecurity of the nail-makers' lives are forcefully conveyed, and even memorable, but one feels less interest in the self-accusing wanderer.

THE SHADOWY THIRD (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.) is a novel that is sometimes absorbing and sometimes downright irritating, but which on summing-up has more of the first quality than the second. Miss Flora Sandstrom has, as we know from previous writing, a bent for the discussion of psychological problems and the ability to sustain such discussion. Her new book is no less able in the way its questions are explored and dealt with, but perhaps less happy in the choice of its theme, which is that of human, feminine and physical jealousy. Of all human emotions this is one of the most corroding and one of the most fatal, sometimes to life itself, and its study must therefore have its fascination even for the amateur psychiatrist, but it is apt to make miserable reading, and a reader who is thoroughly depressed is not altogether the writer's object. In this story, a beautiful girl, Caroline, falls deeply in love with a young sculptor, Julian, and since he loves her as well, their marriage has every chance of happiness. But she is not only possessive to a pathological degree, she is morbidly jealous, and when she finds a trumpery little charm bracelet in the drawer of his studio table, the trouble really begins. From this clue, which her husband treats with complete indifference—as well he might, since he has never seen it before—and from the discovery of a packet of unsigned love-letters in the house which was his parents', Caroline reconstructs—or, rather, invents—the existence of a beautiful woman who had been the love of Julian's life. She tortures herself, but she also tortures him, and the reader is taken step by step through the stages of increasing passion and frustration and melancholy.

From jealousy to murder, and from a psychological inquiry to an inquest. Nevertheless, the contrast is not unrewarding, for the murder story is by Miss Gladys Mitchell, and features that amazing female detective, Mrs. Bradley, whose saurian appearance, quick wit and excellent taste in food and wine have long since won her an appreciative audience. This time Mrs. Bradley is confronted with the mystery of the violent death of an unpopular master in a boys' school, and that is a setting which admirably suits the author's talents, for she writes as knowledgeably and as enchantingly of the habits, good and bad, of small boys as any writer since Mark Twain. TOM BROWN'S BODY (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a mystery story well worth your reading.

IN THE LOVERS DISTURBED (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.) Miss Elizabeth Lake has written of a young man who goes to visit his uncle's widow in the country though not from the usual motives of family affection. She is a grotesque and repulsive old drunkard, but she lives in the house which will one day be his. While he is there he meets the doctor's daughter and they fall in love. To the old woman's lascivious mind there is something squalid about their situation, and she forces her timid little nurse, who is torn between the responsibilities of her post and her natural loyalty to the attractive young couple, to spy on them. In the ensuing complications, it is the development of the four characters, sensitively handled by Miss Lake, which will hold the reader and reveal the writer's quite exceptional talent and quality.

Miss Marjorie Weaver's novel will appeal to all those women, not necessarily the young ones alone, who have daydreams about being a pretty girl with three handsome men as admirers. TRUSTING JOURNEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) describes a situation of this kind, which I found I could view at this distance with equanimity, but its merit is in something less in the realms of fairy-tales than that, for this Australian author has drawn what seems to me to be an authentic picture of her country.

"JOHN GREENHOUSE FARM" AT WATENDLATH: It forms part of one of Lakeland's loveliest stretches of country which is to be put up for sale. It is announced that the Lingholm Trust Ltd. intend to sell some of their properties in the Keswick area, including Ashness Farm, on the road to Watendlath. On the edge of this farm is Ashness Bridge, the view from which towards Derwentwater and Skiddaw has been made famous by artists and photographers. Also for sale is "John Greenhouse Farm" at Watendlath, which was taken by novelist Sir Hugh Walpole as the home of Judith Paris. The properties will be sold by auction next month unless sold privately beforehand. There is some local speculation as to whether the National Trust will buy part or all of the properties, which together form one of the most popular and beautiful regions of the Lake District

KEEPERS OF YOUTH

Mass Observation's Alarming Document

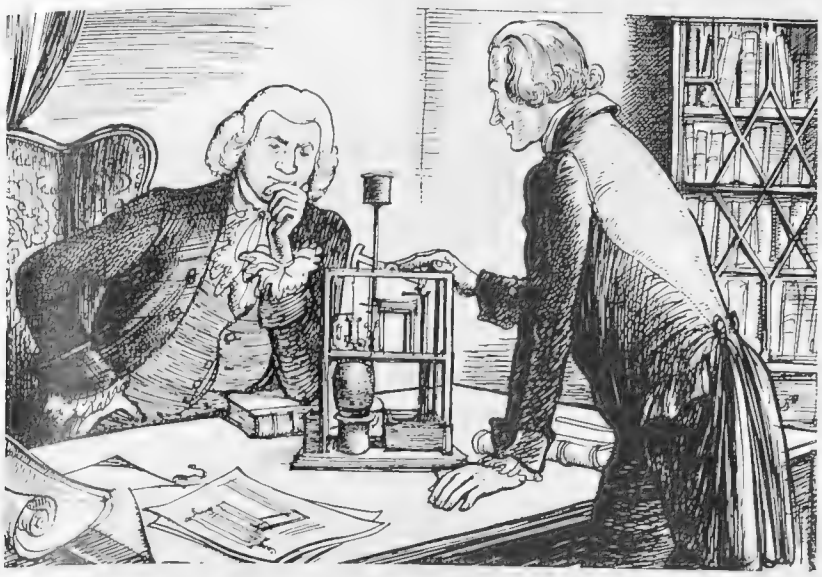
Avoiding sensationalism at all costs, sticking closely to unadorned facts, checking and rechecking the reports of others, "Mass Observation," described as an independent sociological research unit, now comes out with its important REPORT ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (The Falcon Press. 7s. 6d.) It is a thoroughly alarming document and, as Tom Harrison says in his introduction, "We have here something stronger than a whiff of astonishing goings-on." What happens to children after they pass through the "sausage machine" of the juvenile courts cannot, in the present state of things, be generally known, but in this report there are first-hand accounts of Borstals and Approved Schools, of unsympathetic, cruel and positively bestial treatment by some set in authority, of correction without plan, of precious formative years wasted in cells, in cleaning, in scrubbing, and in digging ditches. We read of warders who bully, who make fun of the weak boys and of the abnormal. Here and there are bright gleams of decency and good sense, of large-hearted humanity at work in the dark places; but the overall picture is sombre. The Approved School, to a far greater degree than Borstal, is put in the pillory, as witness this statement by a youth who escaped and was recaptured. On recapture he records: "I went into the Governor's office. First he started by getting hold of me by the hair and giving me two black eyes. He then kicked me in the stomach and winded me." Over the rest of the violent scene a veil may be drawn: it was brutality heaped upon brutality. It is to be hoped, at least, that this document will not go unchallenged. If it is factually distorted the public should know. If, on the other hand, it is substantially true, offering a fair cross-section upon a complex subject, the matter is surely one that the public conscience cannot afford to shelve?

"There are three divisions of the human race: Men, Women and Herveys," was a saying of the eighteenth century attributed to various well-known personages, including Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Dr. Johnson, who had a soft spot for the Herveys, wrote: "If you will call a dog Hervey, I shall love him," but eighteenth-century England as a whole reacted violently, against this family, whose menfolk were blessed with fatal charm and surpassing good looks and whose women had great personal beauty. They were a flamboyant lot, these Herveys, and Miss D. A. Ponsonby, who has delved fruitfully among the private papers of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol, his love-letters, and his expenses book—the latter a most revealing document—presents them to us with all their brilliance and their profligacy. She calls her book CALL A DOG HERVEY (Hutchinson 18s.). The first Earl, who married twice and had twenty children, was an intensely human figure and a strong character, but his children, while inheriting his good looks, had few of his personal qualities. There was Carr (1691-1723), who died young of his excesses learnt upon the Grand Tour; there was John (1696-1743), whom the Court called "Hervey the Handsome," who was an unfaithful husband and shared a mistress with the Prince of Wales; there was Thomas, the unhinged, the most graceless of them all; William, the sailor, who was cashiered from the Navy for wanton cruelty; Henry, the spendthrift, who befriended Dr. Johnson and earned his undying gratitude, and who abandoned the Army for the Church but never quite gave up his wild way of life. It is a glittering story, presented with skill and imagination, spanning three reigns as Stuart England merged into Hanoverian England and the age of privilege was at its height. Miss Ponsonby is an earnest historian with a commendable sprightliness of manner.

The crowning achievement of Goethe's literary life was the completion of "Faust." The poem accompanied him from early manhood to the end of his days, and the great German made it the poetic epitome of his experience. Bayard Taylor's translation in the original metres of FAUST (Euphorion Books. 12s. 6d.) is now published in a handsome edition befitting the bicentenary year. The publishers, in bringing forward Goethe's masterpiece, claim that it has a very special message for the modern world, and that "in this furthest flight of the imaginative intellect" the poet revealed a prophetic knowledge of the present age.

Two important new volumes regarding China's cultural heritage are AN OUTLINE OF CHINESE PAINTING, by Alan Houghton Brodrick (Avalon Press. 12s. 6d.), and Jack Chen's THE CHINESE THEATRE (Dennis Dobson. 7s. 6d.). Each deals with an art rooted in China when Europe was still in the midst of barbarism. Mr. Brodrick's volume is superbly illustrated in colour and monochrome.

Two important and contrasting additions to the Faber Gallery (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) are VENETIAN PAINTINGS, with an introduction by W. G. Constable; and GAUGUIN. In the last-named, prominence is given to Gauguin's Breton scenes, no less remarkable in their way than his Tahitian pictures.



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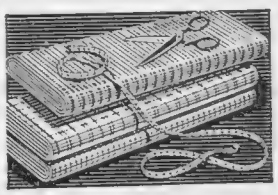

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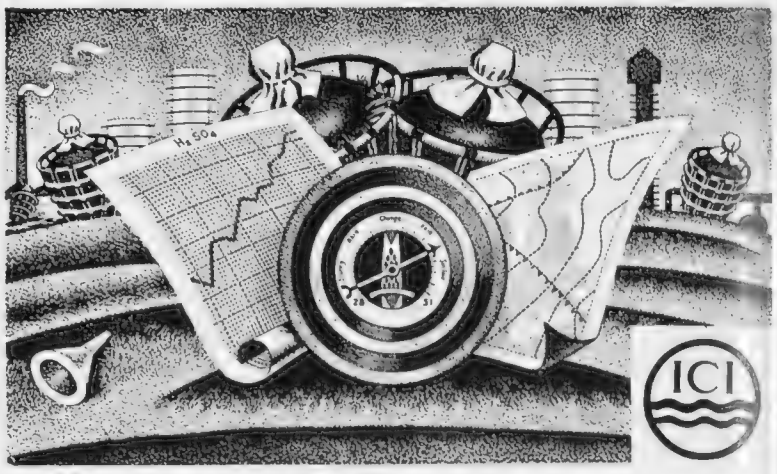

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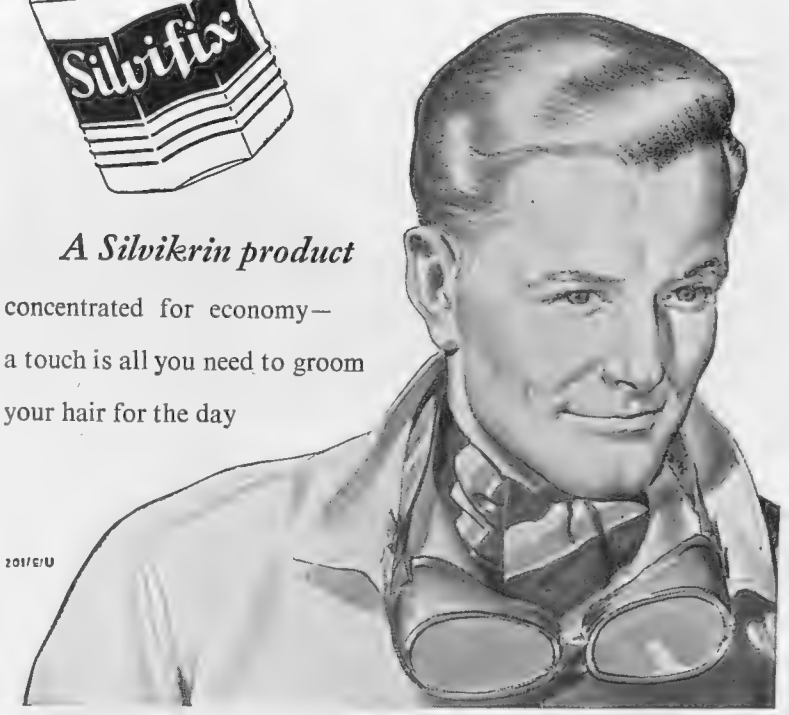

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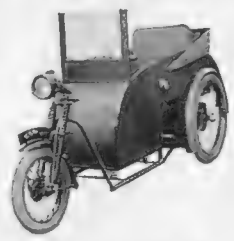

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

AUTUMN holidays are much in vogue this year. Enquiries I have received this last month range from the Channel Islands to Cornwall, from the Sussex Downs to the Yorkshire moors, and not a day goes by without a mention of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. And how diverse have been the individual requirements! Some seek solitude, others gaiety. A number send me a catalogue of recreational facilities required. All are in quest of good food, and there are plenty of British hotels where catering plays a prominent part if one will but seek them out.

"An abundance of good food," suggests the Raemoir Hotel, Banchory. "Enjoy good food at this lovely country house" is the invitation of the Bramley Grange Hotel, near Guildford. "Well-cooked food," writes the County Hotel, Rothbury, on the edge of the Northumbrian moors. "Catering backed by skilled interest," states the Millfield Hotel and Country Club, Stoke d'Abernon. These, and other announcements culled from the regular users of this Hotels column, are not mere figures of speech but statements of fact. I personally have sampled each and vouch for their ability to "deliver the goods." My own personal gastronomical map of the British Isles is a mouth-watering exhibit, and I recall that display of twenty-four dishes of hors d'œuvres spread out at Mr. William Heptinstall's Mecca of good food, the Fortingall Hotel, behind Loch Tay, in Scotland. Then I am reminded of the restaurant in the Russell Hotel in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, where the feast—no other word can describe it—was such that for a full twenty-four hours one did not wish to eat again. I can tell you of a little hotel basked in sunshine on the South Coast of Cornwall where, when I was there in January last, I should not have been surprised if the breakfast mackerel had jumped off my plate, they were so fresh.

During those war days, when kitchen porters masqueraded as first-class chefs, I recall an interview my wife had with a prospective chef. "Well, chef," she said, "how do you make your soups?" "From tins," he replied. "But I don't use tins," she said. Looking rather surprised, he remarked: "Well, I can make quite a good soup from a packet." "But I don't use packets, either," my wife said. "Then how do you make soups?" he asked, and the interview with the "first-class chef" terminated abruptly.

If you are contemplating an autumn holiday where good food, comfort and warmth are your principal requirements, perhaps I can advise you on an hotel where at least the chef knows the meaning of the word "stock-pot."

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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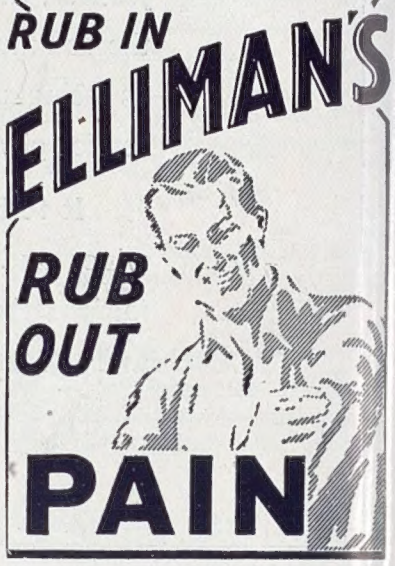

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